

# The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

SUBSCRIPTION, FREE BY POST, 20s. PER ANNUM,

Payable in advance by Cash or Post-Office Order to DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 344, Regent Street, London, W

[Registered for transmission Abroad.]

VOL. 48—No. 35.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1870.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.  
5d. Stamped.

## CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY (SATURDAY).

—OPERA and PROMENADE. Donizetti's Comic Opera, "L'ELISIR D'AMORE" (The Love Spell). First time. Under the direction of Mr. E. T. SMITH.

Nemorino.....	Mr. Henry Haigh.	Belcore.....	Mr. E. Connell.
Dr. Dulcamara	Mr. H. Corri.	Adina.....	Miss Blanche Cole.
		Full Orchestra and Chorus.	

Conductor..... Mr. MANN.

Admission Half-a-Crown, or by Guinea Season Tickets; Stalls, 2s. 6d.; and Reserved Seats, 1s. Now ready.

## ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Instituted 1822.—Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1830.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,  
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES,  
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES,  
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE CHRISTIAN,  
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN,  
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

President—THE EARL OF DUDLEY.

Principal—PROFESSOR W. STEENDALE BENNETT.

The Michaelmas Term will commence on Monday the 19th September, and terminate on Saturday the 17th December.

Candidates for Admission can be examined at the Institution on Thursday, the 15th September, at Eleven o'clock, and every following Thursday at the same hour.

By Order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC,  
4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square.

**THE LAST CONCERT TOUR OF SIGNOR MARIO,**  
and the CHEVALIER DE KONTSKI'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS,  
through the Principal Towns of the United Kingdom, will commence September 5th.  
Artists—Mdlle. Liebhart, Mdlle. Enriques, Signor Mario. Violin—Signor Sivori  
(his first appearance in England these four years). Solo Pianoforte—Chevalier  
De Kontski. Conductor—Mr. WALTER MAYNARD. Acting Manager—Mr. D'Oyly  
Carle. All communications respecting Engagements, &c., are to be addressed to  
Messrs. Rudall, Rose, Carte, & Co., Agents, 29, Charing Cross, London.

### SIGNOR FOLI.

SIGNOR FOLI begs to announce that he will Remain  
in England during the Autumn and Winter. All communications to be addressed  
to him, St. Michael's Villa, Abbey Road West, St. John's Wood.

### BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

"I NAVIGANTI."

MADAME LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON,  
Mr. CUMMINGS, and Mr. FOLI will sing RANDEGGER's popular Trio,  
"I NAVIGANTI" (The Mariners), at the Birmingham Festival.

### BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

MDLLE. ILMA DI MURSKA will sing BENEDICT's  
popular Variations on "THE CARNAVAL OF VENICE," at the Birmingham Festival.

MR. HARLEY VINNING will sing L. EMANUEL's  
new song, "THE DREAM OF MY HEART," at his Provincial Engagements  
this Autumn. Address for Concerts, Oratorios, &c., care of Mr. G. Dolby,  
52, New Bond Street, W.

MR. LANSLOWNE COTTELL'S ACADEMY OF  
MUSIC. (Average number of Students 100.) Concerts Fortnightly, Town  
and Country.—Inclusive Fees.—Candidates for the Free Scholarships must attend  
the Academy Saturdays, from Twelve to Seven, and in return for Lessons, will have  
to perform in Public when required. Further particulars, and opinions of the Press,  
may be had of C. WEBER, Sec., Norfolk Road, Bayswater.

BRIGHTON CONCERT AGENTS,  
PIANOFORTE AND MUSICSELLERS.  
**LYON & HALL,**  
WARWICK MANSION.

### "MIGNON."

MR. CUMMINGS will sing the admired tenor air from  
*Mignon*, "AH NON CREDEVI," at the Birmingham Musical Festival,  
August 30th.

HERR LEHMEYER begs to announce to his Friends,  
Pupils, and the Profession, that in consequence of his sudden departure for  
Germany, he could not fulfil all his Engagements, and requests all letters to be  
sent to his address, 14, Store Street, W.C.

MADAME EMMELINE COLE having Removed, begs  
to request all letters respecting engagements may be addressed to 38, Great  
Western Terrace, Bayswater.

### PUPILS WANTED.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, aged 16, son of a late  
Professor of Music, is desirous of obtaining Pupils for instruction in the earlier  
branches of Pianoforte playing. Terms, Fifteen to Twenty Shillings per Quarter.  
Apply to Mr. L., 20, Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.

### "LORELEY."

MISS MARIAN ROCK will play E. SAUERBREY's new  
transcription of "LORELEY," at the Agricultural Hall, THIS DAY.

### "ALICE."

MISS MARIAN ROCK will play ASCHER's popular  
transcription, "ALICE," at the Agricultural Hall, THIS DAY.

### TO MUSICSELLERS.

WANTED, by a Lady, a SITUATION as ASSISTANT  
in a Music Warehouse. She is a good pianist, and reads well at sight, has  
been engaged five and a half years in the business, and can give first-class references.  
Address, Mr. H. E., 5, Furze Road, Thornton Heath, near Croydon.

### HERR OBERTHUR'S COMPOSITIONS.

## "AU RIVE DE LA MER"

(AM MEERESSTRANDE),

IMPROMPTU POUR LA HARPE.

Price 5s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 344, Regent Street, W.

AND

CHARLES OBERTHUR'S

## THE SIXTY-FIRST PSALM

(EXAUDI DEUS),

FOR SOLIS AND CHORUS, WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS OF ORGAN AND  
HARP (OR ORGAN ALONE).

ENGLISH AND LATIN WORDS.

Score, 4s.; Harp part, 2s. 6d.; Chorus parts, each set, 2s. 6d.

Copies to be had in London of NOVELLO & Co., 1, Berners Street.

## THE WAR MARCH

(DIE WACHT AM RHEIN),

FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

By SELMAR KAHLEMBERG.

Price 3s.

LAMBORN COCK & Co., 63, New Bond Street, London.

### NEW SONG,

## "TAKE THIS FORGET-ME-NOT,"

The Words by Miss E. CORNER.

The Music by ADOLPH GOLLMICK.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 344, Regent Street, W.



# "REVIVALS," "REVIVALS,"

EDITED BY

J. W. DAVISON.

In the Press, to appear immediately, Nos. 3, 4, and 5, of "REVIVALS," consisting of:—

No. 3. SONATA, in C Major.

„ 4. SONATA, in E Minor.

„ 5. SONATA, in E Flat Major.

BY

**WILHELM FRIEDEMANN BACH.**

(Never before Published.)

LONDON: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, REGENT STREET, W.

Published This Day,

## "MARINELLA,"

CANZONE.

Parole di SIGNOR CIABATTA.

Musica di **ALBERTO RANDEGGER.**

Price 4s.

LONDON: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, REGENT STREET, W.

Published This Day,

## "MILLE VOLTE,"

DUETTINO, PER CONTRALTO E TENORE.

Parole di METASTASIE.

Musica di **ALBERTO RANDEGGER.**

Price 4s.

LONDON: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, REGENT STREET, W.

## "MEMORY,"

SONG.

The Words by **GEORGE E. NEWTON.**The Music by **WILLIAM NEWTON.**

Price 3s.

LONDON: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, REGENT STREET, W.

"This song has the rare merit of combining within itself a triple inducement for its selection, viz.: good poetry, a graceful melody, and an exceedingly well written accompaniment; success equally rewarding the poet and the composer; for while the numbers of the former are vitalized by the true spirit of the lyric muse, they are embodied by the latter in a tuneful melody, and clothed by him with an accompaniment full of grace and fancy well worthy of the favourable recognition of the true lovers of musical art."—*Midland Counties Herald.*

## "THE BELSIZE GALOP,"

By **EDOUARD SCHUBERTH.**

Played with distinguished success, and rapturously encored, at the Belsize Conservative Association Ball, Willis's Rooms, on Tuesday evening, will be published next week by

DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, REGENT STREET, LONDON W.

**KUHE'S "WHERE THE BEE SUCKS."** Brilliant Transcription; effective, and only moderately difficult. Just Published, post free, 2s. Wood & Co., 8, Calthorpe Street, W.C., and all Musiciansellers.

Now ready, with English Words.

OPHELIA'S BALLAD,

## "THERE THOU SLEEPEST, WHERE THE FLOOD IS DEEPEST,"

Sung by **Mdlle. CHRISTINE NILSSON**, with immense success, in the Opera of "HAMLET."

The English Words by **JOHN OXENFORD, Esq.**The Music by **AMBROISE THOMAS.**

Price 1s. 6d.

LONDON: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, REGENT STREET, W.

EDITED BY

J. W. DAVISON.

## No. 1. GRAND FANTASIA

(IN E AND A MINOR AND MAJOR),

## No. 2. DRAMATIC FANTASIA

(IN C MAJOR),

FOR THE PIANOFORTE, BY

**WILHELM FRIEDEMANN BACH.**

Price 6s. each.

\* Both of the above named Fantasias were played for the First Time in Public at the Monday Popular Concerts by Madame **ARABELLA GODDARD.**

LONDON: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, REGENT STREET, W.

**THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.** Sacred Song. Words by **HENRY K. WHITE.** Music by **BRANLEY RICHARDS.** Free by post for 1s stamps.

**THE ROYAL PRUSSIAN MARCH,** for the Pianoforte, composed by **STEPHEN GLOVER.** Also, the new **PRUSSIAN MARCH,** by **OESTER.** Free by post for 1s stamps each.

**LA MARSEILLAISE,** arranged for the Pianoforte by **Geo. F. WEST.** 4s., free by post for 2s stamps.

**PARTANT POUR LA SYRIE,** an elegant fantasia, for the Pianoforte, by **ALPHONSE LEDUC.** Free by post for 1s stamps. London: Published only by **ROBERT COCKS & Co.,** New Burlington Street. Order of all music-sellers.

## "PLEIN DE DOUTE,"

SONATA FOR PIANOFORTE SOLO.

Adagio maestoso, Allegro con brio, Romanza, Intermezzo, Scherzo and Trio, Rondo brillante. Composed and Dedicated by permission to

**MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD,**

By **BERNARD FAREBROTHER,**

LONDON: **LAMBORN COCK & Co.,** 63, New Bond Street.

## "N A A M A N."

**THE MUSIC BY SIR MICHAEL COSTA.**

Octavo edition, 6s., net; in cloth boards, 8s. Folio editions of all the pieces separately.

"I DREAMT I WAS IN HEAVEN" (in F and G).....	each	3 0
"MAKER OF EVERY STAR" .....		3 0
THE FAVOURITE MARCH .....		3 0
Ditto as a Duet .....		4 0
Ditto for Organ .....		3 0

Select subjects arranged as Solos and Duets for the Pianoforte with (ad. lib.) accompaniments for Flute, Violin, and Violoncello, in two books by **W. H. CALCOTT.** **LAMBORN COCK & Co.,** 62 & 63, New Bond Street, London, and to be had of all Music-sellers in Birmingham.

Now ready, with English Words,

**MIGNON'S SONG,**

## "HAST THOU E'ER SEEN THE LAND,"

SUNG BY

**MDLLE. CHRISTINE NILSSON,**

With distinguished success, in the new Opera,

## "MIGNON,"

The English Words by **JOHN OXENFORD, Esq.,**

The Music by **AMBROISE THOMAS.**

Price 4s.

LONDON: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, REGENT STREET, W.

"**FLY LIKE A BIRD,**" sung by Miss Ferrari, and "THE ABBESS," sung by Miss Anyon, two of the most beautiful of **HENRY SMART's** new songs, are published, 3s. each, by **DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.,** 244, Regent Street (sent free by post for 1s stamps each).



## HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

HEREFORD, August 23rd, 1870.

The Three Choirs of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester began their 147th Festival to-day with full choral service in the justly-admired Cathedral of this ancient city. The almost continuous rain of yesterday went far to shake anticipations of a prosperous result; but this morning the weather had cleared up, and should it continue fair during the week there can, we are informed, be little doubt of a successful meeting. The origin, purport, and history of these mid-England festivals need not be told now, nor is it requisite again to dwell upon the attempts that from time to time, and proceeding from quarters more or less influential, have been made to put a stop to them—the more so inasmuch as such attempts have almost invariably proved unsuccessful. The temptations resisted by Worcester last year were a constant theme of discussion, and now Hereford goes further in what certain well-meaning persons insist on condemning as the wrong path. Not only are we to have the full number of day performances of oratorio at the Cathedral, but, as a substitute for the traditional miscellaneous concert in the Shire Hall on Tuesday, we are promised Parts 1 and 2 of the *Creation*—the sacred building to be lit up with gas for the occasion. That this is an improvement will hardly be denied. The credit of having suggested it belongs to Mr. Townshend Smith, the local organist, who, besides acting as honorary secretary and superintending the musical arrangements, conducts the performances morning and evening. There is another substantial excuse for the innovation—the three miscellaneous concerts never “paid,” but there is little cause to doubt the attraction of Haydn’s chaste and beautiful music when presented under such exceptional circumstances.

The Festival this year is well backed up by those whose co-operation is of material importance, there being upwards of 60 responsible “stewards,” including the Lord Lieutenant of the county (Lord Bateman), who acts as president. Among them we are glad to remark the names of not a few of the clergy, whose countenance is as welcome as it is beneficial, and who should feel an especial interest themselves in this admirable charity, of which these meetings have for so long a period been one of the main supports. In engaging his artists, vocal and instrumental, and in making out his programmes, Mr. Townshend Smith has displayed his customary intelligence and activity. His chorus, including many if not all the members of the Three Choirs, strengthened by delegates from various societies in the neighbourhood, and some few singers from the capital, is no less zealous, and, it should be added, no less efficient, than on former occasions; while his orchestra, chiefly selected from London players of eminence, is more than 60 strong—numerous enough for all that is required of them, the acoustical properties of the church and the limited accommodation of the Shire Hall taken into consideration. An orchestra of “60,” moreover, was precisely the orchestra which, according to Beethoven himself, was required for Beethoven’s symphonies; and Mr. Smith has done well, if on this account alone, to include the Symphony No. 4 (“B flat”) in one of the evening programmes. The names of the principal vocal performers may speak for themselves:—Mdlle. Tietjens, Miss Edith Wynne, and Madame Sinico (sopranos); Madame Patey and Miss Marion Severn (contraltos); Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Montem Smith (tenors); Messrs. Santley and Lewis Thomas (basses).

Mr. Done (of Worcester) plays the organ at the performances in the Cathedral, and Dr. S. S. Wesley the pianoforte (and organ first evening), Conductor, Mr. Townshend Smith. The general programme of the week having already appeared in the *Musical World* it will suffice to notice each performance in particular as it occurs.

The Cathedral was not so fully attended this morning as might have been expected; and this seems the more extraordinary inasmuch as the members of the Three Choirs are afforded no other opportunity of distinguishing themselves apart from the general proceedings of the Festival. True, their combined efforts are not always exactly what they ought to be; but it should be remembered that at one time the Three Choirs unaided were virtually the Festival, and that a large party even now exists which would, if it could, restrain once more the Festivals within the same narrow limits—or at least confine them to choral

services on a grand scale to the exclusion of oratorios and other forms of sacred music. We are not called upon to criticize an act of worship, and need, therefore, only say that the musical part of this morning’s services (which the Mayor and Corporation attended in State) comprised Orlando Gibbons’s well-known service in F, and Attwood’s not less familiar anthem, “I was glad when they said unto me, We will go into the house of the Lord;” besides a hymn—

“The Church’s one foundation  
Is Jesus Christ our Lord.”

—set to music by Dr. Wesley, in which the congregation might, had they chosen, have also taken part—such being the evident intention of the composer in writing it. That the sermon preached by the Rev. Dr. Jebb (Canon Residentiary), who selected for text, 68th Psalm, 5th verse —“He is a father of the fatherless and defendeth the cause of the widow, even God in his holy place”—was an appeal on behalf of the “widows and orphans” it is superfluous to say, or that in the course of it the preacher made becoming reference to Chancellor Bysshe and his famous inaugural sermon at the institution of the meetings of the Choirs, nearly a century and a half ago. Though somewhat long and entering into what, under the circumstances, we can hardly think an appropriate critical digression upon the present method of conducting the Festivals, which Dr. Jebb by no means entirely approves, the discourse was otherwise earnest, unostentatious, and to the purpose. The organ voluntary was an elaborate fugue, the composition of Dr. Wesley, played in masterly style by his pupil, Mr. Pyne, who has shown his proficiency on similar occasions.

About to-day’s performance of *Elijah*, which, owing to the previous service, did not begin till 1 o’clock, we have little to say; and had we ever so much to say, there would be but scant time to say it in, as the mail leaves here at 5 p.m. In so far as the chorus and orchestra were concerned it may be pronounced a more than fair average Three Choir Festival display. Some of the choruses were admirably executed; but in fact by this time our country choirs, just like our London choirs, know Mendelssohn’s great work pretty well by heart, while our London orchestras could almost play the overture and accompaniments without book. Much of the solo singing was beyond praise. Mr. Santley has never given the music of the Prophet more impressively, nor Mdlle. Tietjens declaimed the great air, “Hear ye, Israel,” with its brilliant pendant, “Be not afraid,” more superbly. To Miss Edith Wynne was assigned the soprano music of Part I, which could scarcely have been in more competent hands. The contralto music was divided between Miss Marion Severn and Madame Patey; the tenor music between Messrs. Montem Smith and Vernon Rigby, Mr. Lewis Thomas taking part in some of the concerted music. All did their best; and for the greater part that best was all that could be desired.

## WEDNESDAY, Aug. 24.

The substitution, last night, of sacred music, in the Cathedral, for the ordinary miscellaneous concert at the Shire Hall, which, time out of mind, has been the custom, on the first day of the Festival, proved a genuine success. The attendance in the sacred building was more than double what it used to be in the secular one, and the performances lost little or nothing by the absence of the audible marks of approval in the shape of applause and encores, which, under the altered circumstances, would of course have been intolerable. Much cannot be said in praise of the manner in which the church was illuminated, though the argument that a glare of artificial light would be indecorous in such a building is perhaps not wholly without its weight. At all events, the performance was thoroughly enjoyable. Why Haydn’s very popular and perennially beautiful oratorio was shorn of its third, last, and, tuneful as is all that goes before, assuredly its most tuneful portion, we are at a loss to explain. Mr. Barnby’s *Rebekah* is not long, and the serene and flowing strains put by the genial master into the mouths of his Adam and Eve—strains as primitively innocent as becomes the theme—would have left the audience in a frame of mind so happy as to dispose them to look at all things rather from an indulgent than from a critical point of view. The execution of Haydn’s familiar music, under the direction of Mr. Townshend Smith,



was generally effective. The only serious objection to be urged was against the somewhat slow time indicated by the conductor for a good many of the movements, which in the case of the bright and animated "Heavens are telling" (the chorus with trio at the end of Part I., otherwise admirably given), was particularly noticeable. Among the most entirely satisfactory of the choral displays were "Awake the harp" and "Achieved is the glorious work." The solo singers in Part I. were Mdle. Tietjens, to whose share fell "The marvellous work" and the ineffably melodious "With verdure clad;" Mr. Montem Smith, always a favourite here, who gave "Now vanish" and "In splendour bright;" and Mr. Lewis Thomas, to whom were allotted "And God made the firmament" and the recitative and air, "Rolling with foaming billows," the three combining their voices in the trio which is ingeniously mixed up with "The heavens are telling." In the second part Madame Sinico took the place of Mdle. Tietjens, and Mr. Santley that of Mr. Thomas—to Mr. Montem Smith (a special mark of distinction) being assigned the tenor music here, as in the introductory part. To Madame Sinico was allotted the florid air, "On mighty pens;" to Mr. Santley the important recitative and air, "Now heaven in fullest glory shine," in which the creation of the lower animals is descriptively set forth; and to Mr. M. Smith "In native worth and honour clad," dedicated to the primary apparition of man. The trio which forms an integral portion of the final chorus, "Achieved is the glorious work" was thus no less fortunate than its predecessor, already cited. How the familiar solos were delivered by these practised and well-known artists may be readily imagined; and it will suffice to add that not one of them ever sang better, often as they have taken part in the same oratorio.

Mr. Joseph Barnby's *Rebekah*, appropriately styled a sacred idyll, was, though it has once been given in London, as good as new to those who heard it last night in the Cathedral. The "libretto" (if such it may be termed), by Mr. Arthur Matthison, is of the simplest possible construction. It is apportioned into a couple of scenes. The first scene relates to the mission of Eliezer, enjoined by Abraham, to seek out from among their kindred a wife for his son Isaac; and his interview, at the well of Nahor, with Rebekah, whom, after explaining the reason of his coming, he persuades to accompany him. The second scene comprises the meeting between Isaac and Rebekah; their mutual declarations; and a song of thanksgiving and praise to the Almighty. Nothing in substance more bucolic, however fantastically idealized in working out, could well be thought of; and the wonder is that Mr. Barnby should have found music, which, while everywhere thoughtfully and carefully composed, is, at the same time, in character the very reverse of the story which Mr. Matthison has built upon one of the most primitive passages in the Jewish Testament. Such, however, is the case. Among the choral pieces there are even two lengthy and elaborate fugues, while the approach of Rebekah is illustrated by a march ("the Bride's March"), the chromatic harmony and restless tonality of which are strangely out of keeping with the subject. The most enthusiastic disciple of Spohr himself,—for whose manner, not so say mannerism, Mr. Barnby appears to entertain a rooted predilection,—in the moments of most laboured inspiration, could hardly have produced anything more laboured. There is, however, a great deal that is good in *Rebekah*; and the promise of something still better. Mr. Barnby's chief effort now should be to seem natural instead of seeming artificial. He has genuine feeling, a certain vein of melody, which, if he would only let it flow unimpeded, might serve him to good purpose, and considerable fancy in his management of the orchestra. The chorus for women's voices, "Who shall be fleetest and first?" Eliezer's air, "The daughters of the city come," and Isaac's air, "The soft southern breeze plays around me," to instance no other numbers, are enough to show this, and more. Moreover, Mr. Barnby is young, and, with his evident ambition and resolve to make progress in his art, there is no knowing what he may do hereafter. With the performance of his "sacred idyll," which he conducted himself, Mr. Barnby could hardly have felt otherwise than satisfied. The Herefordshire singers did themselves infinite credit by the manner in which they got through choruses not merely strange to them, but complex and difficult as well; the orchestra, which has no very easy task to accom-

plish, took infinite pains; and the solo singers Mdle. Tietjens (Rebekah), Mr. Vernon Rigby (Isaac), and Mr. Lewis Thomas (Eliezer), were fairly irreproachable. To have heard his music, and some of the best passages in it, sung as it was sung on this occasion—more especially the solos of Mdle. Tietjens, who always does her utmost towards insuring the success of a new work—should encourage the young composer to new exertions.

The success of Mr. Townshend Smith's innovation was so unequivocal that there can be little doubt that it will be accepted as a precedent, and invariably acted upon at future meetings. Perhaps, eventually, the miscellaneous evening concerts may be altogether done away with, and the performances exclusively confined to sacred music in the Cathedral. That such a result would enhance the dignity of the Festivals is unquestionable; and that it would add to their attraction in a financial sense is more than likely.

The performance this day at the Cathedral was a very long one, consisting of Mr. Arthur Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*, Spohr's *Last Judgment* entire, and Mozart's so-styled "Twelfth Mass." The Prince and Princess Christian, who came to-day from Stoke Edith, accompanied by Lady Foley and a large party, intend, it is understood, to pass the Festival week at Hereford. As they did not arrive till half-past one, they could only hear the second half of the selection; and thus escaped the *Prodigal Son* and Part I. of the *Last Judgment*. Nevertheless, the very admirable performance of Mr. Sullivan's work, under the composer's own direction, with Mdle. Tietjens, Madame Patey, Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Santley in the solos, was, for reasons easy to understand, the most interesting feature of the programme; and the Royal and distinguished visitors may, therefore, be consoled with on having experienced a decided loss. The *Prodigal Son* gains with each new hearing; and on that account alone it is to be hoped that its composer may be already engaged in something else of the kind, if not on something of a still more ambitious form. For more about the performance of to-day—which did not terminate till half-past four—there is no time at present.

#### THURSDAY, Aug. 25.

The first miscellaneous concert in the Shire Hall (yesterday evening) was not so well attended as might have been expected. The sacred performance in the Cathedral on Tuesday had probably something to do with this. If so, it further encourages a hope that, not long hence, the Festivals of the Three Choirs will be able to dispense altogether with concerts of secular music. Everything seems to point that way; and the idea surely, if slowly, gains ground. The programme provided last night by Mr. Townshend Smith was, on the whole, better than usual, containing more music worthy the name of music. According to custom, the programme is here submitted in *extenso* :—

#### PART I.

Overture—"In Memoriam" ... ..	Arthur Sullivan.
Aria—Madame Patey, "Per Pieta" ... ..	Beethoven.
Song—Mr. Santley, "A life that lives for you" ... ..	Arthur Sullivan.
Cavatina—Madame Sinico, "Qui la voce" ... ..	Bellini.
Concerto Violin (No. 6)—Mr. H. Blagrove ... ..	Spohr.
Song—Mr. Montem Smith, "Spring-tide of youth" ... ..	Mendelssohn.
Air—Miss Edith Wynne, "Scenes that are brightest" ... ..	Wallace.
Duetto—Madame Sinico and Mr. Vernon Rigby ... ..	Donizetti.
Selection from "Loreley" ... ..	Mendelssohn.

#### PART II.

Symphony in B flat, No. 4 ... ..	Beethoven.
Aria—Madame Sinico (Faust) ... ..	Gounod.
Aria—Madame Patey (Abu Hassan) ... ..	Weber.
Song—Mr. Vernon Rigby, "The Message" ... ..	Blumenthal.
Cavatina—Mdle. Tietjens, "Com' e bello" ... ..	Donizetti.
Ballad—Miss Marion Severn, "The Lady of the Lea" ... ..	H. Smart.
Trio—Mesdames Tietjens, Sinico, and Patey (Falstaff) ... ..	Balfe.
Song—Mr. Lewis Thomas, "Oh, firm as Oak" ... ..	Sir H. R. Bishop.
Welsh Air—Madame Patey "Ash Grove" ... ..	...
Air—Miss Edith Wynne, "O bid your faithful Ariel" ... ..	T. Linley.
March and Chorus—(Ruins of Athens) ... ..	Beethoven.

It was satisfactory not only to find so many good things in the selection, but also for the greater part they seemingly gave pleasure to the audience. Mr. Sullivan's overture (conducted by himself)



was well played and loudly applauded. The absence of an organ was a drawback to the performance, as may be easily understood by those who know how materially the composer has strengthened and enriched his score by the introduction, in the *coda*, of that solemn and weighty instrument. *In Memoriam* is unquestionably the best piece of orchestral music Mr. Sullivan has written; and it is rapidly winning the place in general estimation to which it is entitled. Madame Patey's beautiful contralto voice is always heard to such advantage in songs intended expressly for its register that she need not have borrowed the slow movement from Beethoven's *grand scena*, "Ah! perfido," and transposed it for the occasion. She imparted the true expression, however, to the melody, and thus deserved and obtained unanimous approval. Mr. Sullivan's new song is tuneful and spirited, and, sung with uncommon earnestness by Mr. Santley, it won a general encore. Madame Sinico was recalled after the hackneyed *cavatina* from *I Puritani*, and Mr. H. Blagrove's brilliant execution of the *adagio* and first movement from Spohr's sixth violin concerto was warmly appreciated. The song chosen by Mr. Montem Smith, one of the least pretentious from Mendelssohn's Op. 59, was much liked, and the popular roman *e* from Vincent Wallace's *Maritana*, Miss Edith Wynne's singing of which was nothing short of perfection, even more. That the pretty duet from the garden scene in *Don Pasquale* was done full justice to by Madame Sinico and Mr. Vernon Rigby need hardly be stated. The great feature of the first part, however, was the selection from Mendelssohn's unfinished opera, comprised in the "Ave Maria" (with chorus), Miss Wynne's tranquil and unpretending delivery of which was exactly to the purpose, the jovial "Song of Vintagers," admirably given by the chorus (encored and repeated), and the superb *finale* to the first act, the solos of Leonora being magnificently declaimed and sung by Mdlle. Tietjens, although the general execution of orchestra and chorus was too uniformly loud to be uniformly effective. Of the symphony—listened to for the most part with attention—the movement best understood, and, indeed, best played, was the *adagio*, which many regard as Beethoven's most perfect achievement of the kind. Madame Patey is to be thanked for bringing forward the air from Weber's *Abu Hassan* though the accompaniments were not altogether in order. To say anything about such familiar things as the *cavatina* from *Lucresia Borgia*, the "Jewel song" from *Faust*, "The Message," or the "Lady of the Lea," would be superfluous; nor is it necessary to add more to this cursory notice than that the very animate and dramatic trio from Mr. Balfe's Italian opera was capitally given; and that Bishop's vigorous ballad, the pretty Welsh ditty (harp accompaniment, Mr. Lockwood), and Thomas Linley's once-admired air were each and all extremely well sung by the well-known artists whose names are affixed to them in the programme above quoted. The fault of this concert was its undue length. If one song had been allotted to each singer, instead of two, and occasionally three, the enjoyment of the listeners would have been enhanced. A miscellaneous performance of three hours and a half in duration is just one hour and a half *de trop*. It would have been advisable, under the circumstances, even to omit the symphony.

This morning their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Christian again visited the Cathedral, and arrived in time to listen to the whole of the first part of the performance. As the distinguished visitors were led to their places the theme of the National Anthem was heard from the orchestra, the first verse being then sung, with true earnestness, by Miss Edith Wynne, the rest, or so much of the rest as was given, being confided to the chorus.

The programme was once more a lengthy selection from various sources, the first part being exclusively devoted to Mendelssohn, who, though standing in little need of such honour now, was luckier in obtaining the ear of Royalty, than our clever English composer, Mr. Sullivan. A more imposing prelude to the day's proceedings could hardly have been thought of than the *Reformation Symphony*, that noble work long withheld from the musical world but now already, within so short a period of its first hearing at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham (1868)—in England at all events—everywhere popular and everywhere appreciated at its worth. Although the performance

under Mr. Townshend Smith's direction can at the best be pronounced with justice only a tolerably fair one, it is questionable whether on any previous occasion the symphony has created a deeper and more lasting impression—upon those, be it understood, capable of entering into the spirit of such music. Its effect was surpassingly grand. The peculiar acoustic properties of the sacred building seemed to favour the design of the composer in bringing out emphatically the diverse themes and contrasts of tone and colour which are special characteristics of the first and last movements. Nothing could be more solemn and majestic than the introductory *andante*, in which some of the distinguishing features of the splendid *allegro con fuoco* which forms its sequel are set forth. Even the playful *allegro vivace* with its exquisitely tuneful episode (standing in place of *minuetto* and *trio*) seemed thoroughly in keeping, and this may be attributed to the fact that there is not a touch of levity in them from beginning to end, each phrase, in its serene and gentle course, suggesting rather the notion of innocent candour than of anything more worldly. The pathetic slow movement which follows and prepares the way for the first utterance, by a single flute, of the people's choral, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott"—afterwards so wonderfully developed in the final movement—still further heightened the impression, which culminated with the delivery by full orchestra, *fortissimo*, and in graver measure, of the theme which is the key stone of the work. A hearing of the "Reformation" Symphony under such exceptional circumstances must have brought to many the conviction that if, at any future time, what has been briefly hinted should be made a rule, and the whole of the Festival performances be held in the Cathedral, there is no reason why the orchestral symphonies of the great masters should be excluded. God made art as God made all things, and the symphonies of Beethoven, as well as many of those composed by Haydn and Mozart, being among the highest manifestations of an art which, worthily employed, has not been inappropriately termed "divine," would surely not be out of place on such occasions as those referred to. Of course, a severe discretion should be exercised in the choice of the works to be given, and even single movements might be detached from the rest where the character of an entire symphony would appear to be in the slightest degree unsuitable.

Of the fragments from the unfinished oratorio, *Christus*, the 42nd Psalm, Mr. Henry Holmes's new cantata, and the selection from Handel's oratorios, also included in to-day's performance, we must speak next week.

The second miscellaneous concert in the Shire Hall to-night, and the *Messiah* in the Cathedral to-morrow bring the Festival to a close. Of its success, we believe, there is now no doubt; but this and other matters connected with the meetings must be left for another occasion.

**INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1871.**—We are requested by Her Majesty's Commissioners to state, that there is no foundation for the rumour that the International Exhibition appointed for 1871 is to be postponed by reason of the war. The first of the series of Annual International Exhibitions of selected Works of Fine and Industrial Art and Scientific Inventions will take place next year, as already announced.

**WIESBADEN.**—Herr Hagen, formerly conductor of the Opera here, died on the 18th inst., of apoplexy.

**STUTTGART.**—Having completed his engagement at Vienna, Herr Sonntheim has returned here.

**MOSCOW.**—Herr Wilhelm Fitzenhagen has been appointed professor of the violoncello, in the place of Herr Cossmann, at the Conservatory.

**TREVES.**—The Town Band, which was established in 1865, the funds to maintain it being guaranteed for six years by the Corporation, has just been dissolved.

**COBURG.**—Herr Caspar Rummer, who enjoyed a high reputation both as a performer on, and as a writer for, the flute, died here lately, in his seventy-fifth year.

**ROME.**—Connected with the recent declaration of Infallibility, a new Papal Hymn has just been composed. It was recently performed before the Pope.

"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE"—and Herren Niemann and Betz, of the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, are now playing on it the part of "Krankenwärter," in the Second German Army Corps. *Krankenwärter*, as most of our readers are, doubtless aware, means in English, "attendants on the sick, or wounded."



## THE PARISIAN STAGE.

We read that the French theatres were never more crowded than during the old Reign of Terror. This fact, if fact it be, proves the danger of reasoning by analogy when we strive to derive practical wisdom from the study of historical records. Several Parisian playhouses are now closed; and a theatrical journal that has appeared twice a week for nearly half a century now declares that it can only appear once a week till the arrival of better times. The editor is in a position like that of another editor who one day shut up his shop and posted up a placard declaring that as no news had arrived no paper would be published.

Nevertheless a few theatrical events crop up, looking like the shipwrecked companies of *Eneïdes*, *Rari nantes in gurgile vasto*. At the Théâtre Français, *Une Fête de Néron*, a tragedy by MM. Alexander Soumet and Louis Belmontel, originally produced at the Odéon in 1829 with enormous success, has been revived. A French version, by M. E. Taillaide, of *Der Fechter von Ravenna*, a play by Friedrich Halm, which found great favour all over Germany, has been brought out at the Ambigu-Comique with the closely translated title, *Le Gladiateur de Ravenna*. The incidents of this piece occur under the reign of the Emperor Caligula. Thusnelda, the widow of Arminius, a German chief defeated by the Romans and consequently massacred by his own subjects, has been taken to Rome, where, when the curtain rises, she has been a captive for twenty years. The sentiment which keeps her alive is the desire of finding her son, who was stolen from his cradle by the Romans. She at last discovers him in the lowly condition of a gladiator, one among fifty hirelings, who are chosen to fight with each other in the Circus for the entertainment of the Emperor. She reveals herself in her true character, gives the degraded Thumelicus (as he is now called) "le sabre de son père," and tries to awaken in his heart something like a feeling of patriotism. Thumelicus is, however, not only degraded but degenerate. The word "Vaterland" or "Patrie" has with him no significance, and his sole notion of honour is the applause that he gains by his exploits in the Circus. Another drawback to his elevation is his passion for a courtesan slave, named Lycisca. The favourites of Caligula, wishing to afford their master a highly seasoned recreation, and having learned the relation between Thumelicus and Thusnelda, hit on the happy thought of making the son fight with a dangerous adversary in the presence of his mother. Thumelicus finds the proposition reasonable. In vain do his mother and his mistress entreat him to abstain from the combat; the voice of the only honour which he understands calls him to the Circus, and to the Circus he would go, did not Thusnelda stop him in his downward career by killing him with his father's sword. He dies still stupid, wishing prosperity to Caesar, as all good gladiators should, and Thusnelda stabs herself over his corpse.

The Palais Royal has made some noise with a one-act farce by MM. E. Grangé and V. Bernard, entitled *La Belle aux Yeux d'Émaille*. The beauty in question is a doll, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Coelarius, a mediæval constructor of automata, who like Pygmalion, falls in love with his own work. He is not alone in his predilection. Fritz, a German student, who has seen the doll at the window, becomes enamoured likewise, and enters the house of the great mechanist. He is discovered and ejected by Coelarius, who, freed from the intruder, reflects on the possibility of conferring a soul on the inanimate object of his affections. Chance throws in his way a leaf torn from a book, which reveals a strange system of psychology—namely, that a soul can be made out of a quarter of lamb, with the aid of a little pepper, salt, and vinegar. While he is in the kitchen, reducing this theory to practice, Floristia, a young lady attached to Fritz, enters his sanctum, and, hearing his approach conceals herself in the cupboard appropriated to the doll. Sancepan in hand, the sage commences his invocations, and is almost terrified by his success, when Floristia, who has substituted herself for the doll, leaps from her pedestal. So mischievous, indeed, does she appear, that Coelarius feels convinced that he put too much vinegar into the mixture. After a series of odd incidents, Coelarius is forced to repair a pecuniary wrong which he has done to Fritz, and discovers the mistake which led to his operations in the kitchen. The stray leaf belonged to a cookery-book, and, this being produced, it turns out that the instructions conveyed referred to the preparation of an *Epigramme d'Agneau*. The fragment *Épig* was on the preceding page, and the remainder, *amme*, did duty for *âme*. We conclude that, although the action of the piece takes place in Germany, the cookery book was in French, as it would be difficult to conceive the name of any dish with "seel" as its latter half.

N. D.

## "DIE WACHT AM RHEIN."

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—I call your attention to an article in the *Kölnische Zeitung* of Sunday the 14th inst., written by Dr. K. Hundeshagen, Professor of Theology at this University, who reveals to the world the author of the poem, "Die Wacht am Rhein," in the mouth of every German at the present time. The author is Max Schneckenburger, who died in 1851. The poem was produced in February, 1849, at Burgdorf, near Bern, and set to music by G. Mendel in 1842. It is now the favourite song of the German troops, and the Queen of Prussia has conferred the dignity of Poet Laureate on the author.

Bonn-am-Rhein, Prussia, Aug. 15.

A SPECTATOR.

## AMERICA.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, July 28.—I do not know precisely what "going to blazes" is, but what we are at present enduring in New York is probably something very like it. For the last fortnight we have been "among the nineties," the temperature varying from 95 to 99. The *Herald* speaks of the present "heated term" as being "without precedent in North America," and has recently been publishing every morning a list of deaths by sun-stroke, which occurred the day before. One day last week they amounted to no less than sixty! It is quite common, too, to see horses drop and die on the street. Every imaginable annoyance which a fierce sun can produce seems to afflict us at once. "Prickly heat" is a sensation akin to that which might be created by the simultaneous application of stinging nettles all over the body, only much more prickly and considerably hotter. Everybody has the "prickly heat." Mosquitos are graceful little creatures with long, slender legs—they pounce upon you with inconceivable rapidity, stinging as they pounce, and no one was ever yet known agile enough to dodge this inconceivably rapid pouncing, which generally eventuates in the closing of an eye or two, or fiery swellings somewhere. Roaches are of a sombre hue, but yet uncommonly sprightly; they run nimbly up and down the walls, over your bed-clothes, your table-cloth, or papers; glide swiftly across your face or limbs, but do not bite (fortunately), unless very sharp set indeed. They seem destined to excite unmitigated disgust rather than to inflict corporal punishment. Roaches, and mosquitos, like the "prickly heat," are inevitable. I could mention some more agile evidences of an American summer, which would find their way even into the king's chamber, if America had a king; but I have said enough to show you how very pleasant the "happy land" is just now, more especially to foreigners, and most especially in New York City, the most scorching and sultry place I know of. Of course all leave it who are able at this time of year, to seek refreshing breezes at Long Branch, Saratoga, Newport, Cape May, White Mountains, Cat's Hill, &c.; but I just now belong to the "can't get away club," and therefore must seek my shade and breezes in the parks, and my watering-place and rural gossip from the hordes of press reporters and "interviewers," whose powers of exaggeration and utterance of an infinite deal of nothing could not be matched throughout the world:—What the beautiful Mrs. — wore at the afternoon promenade. How the lovely Miss — was attired at the midnight "hop"—how the luscious Mrs. — looked in her bathing dress—how the Long Branch belles are "after" Lord Wodehouse and Lord Alexander Campbell, two "sprigs" of British nobility—how John Hay (whose wife is one of the fashion-leaders here), drove Lord Wodehouse behind a team of 2.30 trotters, and how his lordship declared that they were "*doosed faust, pon honaw*." This kind of small talk, accounts of the races and other amusements, with gushing descriptions of scenery familiar to everybody, are what we get from the gentlemen "detailed," as they say here, by the various New York journals, to write about the watering places. It does not amount to much.

The President is at Long Branch with his family, where, in spite of a publicly expressed desire to have peace for a while, he is awfully bored. A strange man the other day took General Grant's hand in the street, and held it tightly for some time, while he vainly endeavoured to get an opinion from the Chief Magistrate with respect to Cuba. It is really astonishing what the President of the United States has to put up with.

The New York theatres are nearly all closed—this overpowering weather is so bad for theatrical business. Notwithstanding there have been some highly successful novelties quite recently; two at Wallack's Theatre from the prolific pen of Mr. John Brougham, entitled respectively, *The Red Light* and *Minnie's Luck*. Brougham, who, whether as author or actor, is an immense favourite throughout the States, took prominent parts in both these pieces, and, by his inimitable histrionic abilities, contributed largely to their success. In the latter he personated a newspaper "interviewer" (a character, thank Heaven, unknown to British journalism), presenting a most life-like picture of that audacious intruder upon everybody who has been unfortunate enough to attract public attention in any way. In *Minnie's Luck*, too, a young lady named Leona Cavender made her *début* before the New York public, and pleased very much. She possesses a large amount of that frolicsome gaiety and sparkling vivacity which characterize the famous Lotta, who, by the way, is now in London, and going, I presume, to play there. A *débütante* of more mark and likelihood than Miss Cavender in the special line of business she has chosen I have not seen. The other novelties are Mr. Gazler's *Fritz*, our Cousin German (Wallack's Theatre), and the grand ballet of *Giselle*, or the *Willis*, at "General" Commodore Fisk's grand operahouse. The former was written by Mr. Gazler to exhibit the peculiar abilities of Mr. Emmet, who seeks to introduce a new line of business to the New York stage—that of the German American. With so large a lager-beer-drinking population and the high estimation in which the "Dutchman" is generally held as the best of naturalized citizens, Mr. Emmet's talent, which revels in the delineation of robust jollity, racy humour, and hazy metaphysical ideality, all essentially Teutonic in character, has every chance of appreciation. In England his success would be problematical. The ballet of *Giselle* with Adolph Adams's charming music and the delightful dancing of Madame Katie Larnier and her Viennese *corps de ballet* drew crowded houses for a time, but soon failed



to attract. But everything, in short, droops or slopes off at this time of year. Even the sensational parsons are breaking down, though one of them, at least rejoicing in a cool name,—Snow—Bishop Snow, has not yet melted, for quite recently he was vigorous enough to attack Gordon Bennett's paper in very stirring language. The rev. gentleman opened his discourse from the pulpit by accusing one morning journal of having told a "blasted lie," and then turned upon the *Herald*, saying, "it is written for by rogues and liars, inspired by the devil," characterizing it generally as a "dirty, ignorant, shabby, filthy, infernal rag," which he finally left with other hideous sheets to the vengeance of God! Another parson, the Rev. Mr. Orr, has been displaying his Christian meekness by pitching into the late Charles Dickens, with respect to whose works he says, "the regenerate soul would loathe such garbage. I pass no sentence on this poor foolish creature who will have to appear before his Judge and Maker, but I feel and am grieved for the people who can enjoy such company and such trash!" Such manifestations are really acceptable in the dull season; and then we have had something more than words to shake us out of the torpor produced by what they describe in the *Herald* as the "deadly sun." Recently there was a sanguinary "faction-fight" in New York between Catholic and Protestant Irishmen. The Orangemen had determined to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne by a grand picnic in Elm Park, and their Catholic countrymen had equally determined that they should not. So, just as the farmers with their wives and children were beginning the festivities, an alarm was given that the Park was surrounded. Immediately after several shots were fired, and volleys of stones flung among the revellers, several of whom fell mortally wounded. The Orangemen then drew their revolvers, and armed themselves as they could and commenced a terrible retaliation. The battle soon became general—hundreds took part in it; pistols, pikes, knives, pickaxes, and stones, being freely used on both sides. Women and children were inextricably mixed up with the belligerents, who intentionally, or unintentionally, trampled them under foot, and injured them dreadfully. From the Park the mob fought their way into the streets, and the horrors of the scene naturally deepened. Some of the combatants, anxious at last to escape with their families from the strife, sought refuge in the street cars, but these were stopped by an infuriated mob, who fired shots into the densely crowded vehicles at the risk of killing anybody or everybody; and for a long time there were only nine policemen present, out of 2,500, the effective force of New York, to quell this outrageous riot, which might easily have been foreseen, as a similar scene took place last year on the same occasion, and, doubtless, was foreseen. But what could Irish police authorities, elected by the Irish population of New York, do? Were they to break the heads of their constituents? Who can fail to see here the splendid working of the Republican system. About the same time there was a terrific "freemen's fight" in the "City of Brotherly Love." One party set a house in flames on purpose to bring an old quarrel to an issue. Stones, revolvers, knives, &c., were used indiscriminately, and many lives were lost.

The death of Charles Dickens made an immense sensation here, and I believe there was genuine sorrow for the unlooked-for event all over America; but now nothing is spoken of but the great European war, the ocean yacht race, and Christine Nilsson, whose pretty face may be seen in every shop, and to whom six columns of the *Herald* were devoted the other day, besides a leader, in which the writer (who has not yet heard her), fully endorses the six column puff.

The German-Americans are most enthusiastic in the cause of Prussia; and, indeed, the general feeling both of the American press and public is against France. It is only the Irish here who throw up their caps for the Emperor. They are going to make a grand demonstration in his behalf by parading the streets of New York with banners, &c. If this be allowed, there will be more blood shed to a certainty.

I have been waiting to close this dispatch for news of the ocean yacht race, which was hourly expected. It is come. I need not tell you what you must have known immediately after the event, by telegraphic cable, but may give you some idea of the impression made here by the *Cambria's* victory. It is that of profound disappointment, and mortification from one end of America to the other. No European war news—no gold panic, no anything could have created half the excitement which this ocean yacht-race has occasioned here during the last few days. Every American, I am sure, thought the *Dauntless* would win. Immense sums were bet upon her, while British seamanship and British pluck seemed to be held in no account. Imagine, then, the state of feeling produced here by the generally unexpected result! From the moment when the fine French steamer, the *Ville de Paris*, arrived with the unwelcome news that she had seen the *Cambria's* signals only 200 miles from Sandy Hook, all New York was on the *qui vive*! Reporters and interviewers, *en masse*, were dispatched to Sandy Hook, a frightfully barren region, where they had to endure dry, scorching heat, and the exquisite tortures which only sand-flies can inflict, for many dreary hours. As time progressed, so increased the general anxiety. Captain James Cosgrove, a well-seasoned old salt, placed in command of the light ship (the winning-post of the race), who had been on the "look-out" for more than a week, could scarcely exercise his functions in consequence of the troublesome crowd which surrounded him. Eager reporters and "interviewers" plied their race-glasses in vain; they could make out nothing in the vasty deep

like what they fondly expected. In fact, they could make out nothing at all beyond a limited distance. It requires an experienced sailor's eye to scan the ocean. Old Cosgrove, taking little notice of his fussy companions, steadily keeps the faithful telescope close to his eye, while those who surrounded him listened breathlessly for a word, as the heathen believers would have listened for the voice of an oracle. Now and then he lowered the glass and gave a kind of nautical grunt, which his observers were at liberty to interpret each in his own way, not much information being gained by anybody. At length, after very long and painful waiting, some one ventured to ask if he saw anything. "Hum!" said he "I see something now; but it is a speck." On the instant no end of glasses of every description was raised under the direction of his telescope; but no human being but Cosgrove could see anything. The excited reporters and "interviewers" declared their ocular inability with something like a reproachful tone, thinking, perhaps, they were being "chaffed." "Ha!" said Cosgrove with an odd nautical grin, and then relapsed into silence. At last the oracle spoke—"I make out something with queer looking sails coming towards us at a tremendous pace—it is a yacht—but not the *Dauntless*." And so she came on and on—the gallant little British ship—until there could no longer be any possible mistake; and a mighty cheer rent the air—a cheer honourable to those who gave as to those who received it. The *Cambria* was alongside the light-ship; its owner, Mr. Ashbury, shouted from the deck through his speaking-trumpet—"Dauntless arrived?" to which old Cosgrove promptly shouted "No;" and then the gallant little crew of the gallant little *Cambria* cheered—not to crow over a rival's defeat, but because their hearts were full and they could not help it; and then everybody cheered, and hundreds of guns were fired, and hundreds of gay colours displayed, and dipped in honour of the victors. The *Cambria* could not have had a more generous, a more magnificent reception than she had from American yachtsmen and the American public. In the midst of this great scene, in which so many thousands took part, there was no accident, so well was everything managed. One daring act, on the part of a *Herald* reporter and "interviewer," might have led to disastrous consequences, but fortunately did not. In his eagerness to obtain news he threw himself from the light-ship into Mr. Ashbury's vessel where he fell upon his back, but fortunately without injury, for, once there, he refused all assistance, saying that he had no time to get up, and taking out his note-book as he lay screamed loudly for Ashbury's log-book and instant information about everything. At least so runs the story. I send you some extracts from the New York papers that you may observe the general tone of the press here upon this most remarkable contest.

[We have observed the general tone.—A. S. S.]

#### SANS WAGNER.

*Au Redacteur du "Musical World."*

MONSIEUR,—Récemment (avant la guerre, bien compris) on a donné *Oberon* au théâtre royal de Munich, et cet opéra, qui exige, comme on sait, un grand luxe de décors et de machineries, laissa beaucoup à désirer, surtout sous ce dernier rapport. Le roi, informé des inconvénients qui avaient accompagné la première représentation de cette intéressante reprise, s'empresse d'assister à la seconde; et y resta du commencement jusqu'à la fin. Après le spectacle, sa Majesté monta sur la scène pour faire de nouveau tous les changements à vue et faire jouer toutes les machines. Sa Majesté, pour se rendre un compte exact, fit également essayer le char en forme de coquillage, traîné par des paons, dans lequel monta d'abord l'intendant, puis le directeur, ensuite le régisseur, et enfin le roi lui-même.—Et voilà comme on s'amuse à la cour de Bavière . . . quand Richard Wagner n'est pas là.—Agréez, &c.,  
DURILLON D'ENGELURE.

#### In Sig. Carlotta Patti.

*From the Rio Janeiro "Journal of Commerce."*

Ecco alla fine, a noi giunta, la Patti  
Sciogliere il dolce canto in sulla scena,  
Ove di popol scelto immensa piena  
Vede il promesso a ognun ridotto a fatti;

Eccola in suoni artistici ed esatti,  
Spinti fuori a bell'agio e senza pena,  
Spargersi d'armonia sì larga vena  
Da farne gli uditor stupiti e matti.

E il rider suo, che in gorgheggiar sfavilla  
Sul gentil labro, che soave incanta,  
Due sensi alletta, e all'anima ci brilla.

Donna non è, ma un usignol che canta;  
Che dico?... ugnel nessun tanto ben trilla:  
Mai fior avemmo qui d'arte cotanta!

DR. L. V. DE-SIMONI.



## MARRIAGE.

On the 24th inst., at the Parish Church of St. John the Baptist, Kentish Town, by the Rev. George Jones, M.A., uncle of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. George J. Monnington, M.A., RICHARD D'OYLEY, eldest son of RICHARD CARTE, Esq., of 2, Dartmouth Park Road, and 20, Charing Cross, to BLANCHE JULIA, youngest daughter of WILLIAM PROWSE, Esq., of Stroud Green, Hornsey, and 48, Cheapside.

## DEATH.

On the 19th inst., J. N. HARRISON, Esq., first President of the Sacred Harmonic Society, in the 80th year of his age.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARGUS.—Not exactly. It was Nadine de Névédomsky-Dunord. In the other particular "Argus" is wrong.

BASILISK.—By no means. It was Leona Ferrari de Campoleoni. In the other particular "Basiliak" is not right.

S. T. TABLE.—Cherubini composed thirty-two operas, commencing with *Quinto Fabio* in 1780, and terminating with *Ali Baba* in 1833. *Eliza*, his sixteenth, was produced at the Feydeau, Paris, in 1795. *Lodoiska* was brought out in 1791.

## NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 241, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1870.

IN accordance with a rule, perhaps necessary, certainly inexorable, London is just now without music. Impresarios and concert-givers are resting from their labours with grief or gladness, according to circumstances; while singers and players rusticate, or, disdaining repose, make what they can off "fresh fields and pastures new." It is not our present business to inquire why this should be to the extent it is. Otherwise we might put and follow up certain very pertinent questions; asking, for example, why London, always inhabited by from two to three millions of people, crowds its music into those few months when the highly-exalted "ten thousand" are supposed to grace the metropolis with their lofty presence? Our belief is that if no further query be put this be satisfactorily answered the querist will need patience. Happily, however, there are signs, even in this matter, of the levelling process which is gradually but surely exalting every social valley and bringing low every social hill. The purveyors of music are beginning to see that "well born" folk are not their best patrons, and they will soon learn that insulting millions by becoming inactive when thousands draw down the blinds of west-end houses and leave Belgravia desolate is not a profitable course. As soon as this happens the provincial festivals will pass a very bad quarter of an hour. Now they are exalted into a sort of fictitious importance by the total collapse of music elsewhere, and the consequent fact that they alone are, *pro tem.*, the representatives of a popular art. For these reasons London journals give a national dignity to the country gatherings, and send forth men who duly and faithfully record for the benefit of an admiring world how Mr. Townshend Smith conducted the *Messiah*, and how Mr. Santley was encored in "O Ruddier than the Cherry." We do not say that, under the circumstances, this is wrong. Readers of musical reports and criticisms count by the hundred thousand, and their desire to know all that is going forward at a generally stagnant time ought to be gratified. We do say, however, that when the London music season lasts all the year round, instead of a few months, the provincial festivals will have seen their best days.

Our readers must be aware that the ancient Meeting of the Three Choirs began at Hereford on Tuesday morning last, and lasted till Friday night. This year the gathering seems never to have been in such danger as it was last year at Worcester, and the year previous at Gloucester, through the opposition, direct and indirect, of Ritualist or Puritan, or both combined. Either these zealous parties have no influence in Hereford, or their influence is so small as to be powerless even for self-assertion. Anyhow the Festival preparations were made without let or hindrance, the managers even going so far as to give a first evening performance in the Cathedral. We do not expect that this will at all discourage the fervent opponents of "desecration." Knowing very well that success in one of the three sister towns, means the ruin of the Festival in the other two, they are likely to redouble their efforts in Gloucester next year, and it may even be that victory will render unnecessary the exodus of the Cathedral clergy and the locking up of their uncontaminated surplises.

Apart from the evening concert in the Cathedral, the general arrangements at Hereford differed in no respect from those of previous gatherings. Mr. Townshend Smith, by virtue of a system, wielded the conductor's baton, and a body of London artists, including Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. Sinico, Miss Wynne, Mdlle. Patey; Messrs. Rigby, Smith, Thomas, and Santley, were engaged as "principals." Mr. Blagrove again acted as leader of an efficient London orchestra, and the chorus came from well-approved sources. In all respects the Festival was well equipped.

Referring to the programme, we find *Elijah* and the *Messiah* occupying a prominent place; these being, in fact, the only works which had an entire concert to themselves. Decision in their case must have cost the managers little reflection; for long ago Mendelssohn's great work joined the masterpiece of Handel in claiming, as of indisputable right, the first honours at every festival. The remaining two morning programmes had crowded into them many things, some of small value, but all, we must presume, more or less acceptable to a Hereford audience. Thus, the scheme of Wednesday morning comprised Mr. Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*, Spohr's *Last Judgment*, and Mozart's 12th Mass; that of Thursday being devoted to the *Reformation Symphony*, *Christus*, Mr. Holmes's psalm, "Praise ye the Lord," and a miscellaneous selection of sacred pieces. We doubt, nevertheless, whether the choice of one great work at each performance would not have better agreed with the dignity of the occasion. At the Cathedral evening concert on Tuesday, Haydn's *Creation* (Parts I. and II.), and Mr. Barnby's *Rebekah* were given; both works being sufficiently light to extort a groan from those jealous for the "house of the Lord." This time there were two, instead of three, evening concerts in the inconvenient Shire Hall; the programmes consisting, as usual, of hackneyed pieces familiar to every London concert-goer, and, therefore, unnecessary to specify. We look in vain, however, for a recognition of the fact that there was such a thing as a piano, not a single piece for that instrument being set down. Bearing in mind its importance and the nature of the music written for it, we may well call for an explanation, which, at the same time, we never expect to get. On Friday evening (last night) a concert of chamber music was to take place in the little College Hall; and here, again, where we should most have looked for it, the piano was absent. Has Mr. Townshend Smith an antipathy to the popular "box of wires," or are there local prejudices.

The Birmingham gathering commences on the morning of Tuesday, and, like that at Hereford, closes on the ensuing Friday night. Its arrangements are on the usual complete and extensive scale, Sir Michael Costa again acting as general-in-chief, and having under him the following band of principal artists:—

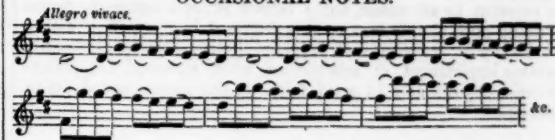


Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Sherrington, Madame Patey, Mdlle. Drasdil, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Santley, Signor Foli, Madame Arabella Goddard, and M. Sainton. The orchestra, led by M. Sainton, consists of twenty-eight first, and twenty-six second violins, seventeen violas, seventeen violoncelli, seventeen double basses, and a double proportion of "wind"; making, in all, 137 instruments. The chorus numbers 363 voices—a small body for so great an occasion; but it must be borne in mind that none are "dummies," and the difference between the paper strength of a choral host and its effective strength is generally as great as that we sometimes read of in connection with hosts martial. On the whole, there is every reason to anticipate a Festival musically up to the high standard of its predecessors, and, therefore, one of which, not Birmingham alone, but all England will be proud. The programme would have satisfied those ancient Athenians who, a high authority tells us, were always on the look out for some new thing. It contains not less than five novelties, some of the greatest pretensions, and, possibly, of the greatest importance. In the order of presentation, they are Mr. J. F. Barnett's cantata, *Paradise and the Peri*; Professor R. P. Stewart's cantata, *Ode to Shakspeare*; Mr. A. S. Sullivan's *Overture di Ballo*; Herr Ferdinand Hiller's cantata, *Nala and Damayanti*; and Mr. Benedict's oratorio, *St. Peter*. We shall be excused from passing any criticism upon these works so far as they are yet known to us—criticism which, based upon imperfect acquaintance, may possibly be unjust—but we have a right to acknowledge the spirit which determined upon producing so many new things. Clearly the Birmingham managers put our metropolitan societies and concert-givers to shame. The latter think they do well if, after much goading from the public press, they bring out one novelty in the course of a season. The former, working at high pressure, but without noise and fuss, give us five in four days. We are bound to say within hearing of Exeter Hall, "Well done, Birmingham!" The not unfamiliar items in the programme consist of the *Messiah* and *Elijah*, Sir M. Costa's *Nauman*, Mozart's *Requiem*, and Handel's *Samson*; in addition to which the following important works have a place at the secular evening concerts:—The overtures to *Der Freischütz*, *Egmont*, and *Guillaume Tell*; Mendelssohn's pianoforte concerto in G minor; Beethoven's pianoforte concerto, in E flat, and his sonata for piano and violin (Op. 24), "Adelaide," and a long selection from *Fidelio*. The vocal pieces are numerous and generally such as justify their choice, so that, from the highest matter to the lowest, the Birmingham Festival is well arranged with a view to complete artistic as well as pecuniary success. Whether both objects have been secured, it will soon be our duty to tell.

**BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.**—The concluding choral rehearsal of Mr. Benedict's *St. Peter* was held on Tuesday evening, when the composer expressed his warm thanks for the care bestowed upon his work, which he said had cost him many sleepless nights. Dr. Hiller will be present on Thursday evening for the rehearsal of his cantata, *Nala and Damayanti*. The application for tickets and requests for lodgings are said to be numerous, and there is every prospect of the forthcoming Festival being quite as successful as the last, which was the best on record.—*Birmingham, Aug. 24.*

**THE MANAGER OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.**—Our readers will be grieved to hear of the sudden death of Mr. Bowley, the well-known manager of the Crystal Palace and treasurer of the Sacred Harmonic Society. He accidentally fell from a river steamer near Greenwich on Thursday, and though promptly taken out by Inspector Goode, of the Thames Police, life was extinct before he could be got on shore.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.



VERY much more than a pleasant volume—a book of sweet and permanent interest, commanding serious attention, and giving deep and enduring delight—is *Arne: a Sketch of Norwegian Country Life*, translated from the Norwegian of Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson. (London: Alexander Strahan.) Bjørnson is a writer in the prime of his powers, which are great and unique; and yet it does not strike the reader of this beautiful little book that he is likely to leave much work behind him. There is a wild flavour in his character and life, so far as we are informed of them, which does not suggest high productiveness. The characteristic of his style is such a *naïveté* as might exist in a high-born well-nurtured child that had been stolen and brought up by gipsies. The characteristic of his matter (to adopt for a moment a distinction which can never be made absolute) is a free poetic humour which reminds you now of Richter and now of Andersen. The essence of it is, that the mind of the writer is visibly possessed by the humour of life as a whole and the poetry of life as a whole. This is a thing which rarely happens. For a thousand who can catch the humour and poetry of particular situations there is barely one, if one, who can see everything in the light of the humour and poetry of the whole spectacle. That Bjørnson does this is the secret of his peculiar power. There is humour, awful humour though it be, in the dreadful scene in which the lad Arne takes up the axe to his own father, who, in a fit of *delirium tremens*, is trying to throttle the wife; and there is scarcely a page of the book which will not provoke a gentle inward smile, though there is scarcely a page without a passage of poetic description such as this:—

"It was twilight; and Eli stood at the window, looking away over the ice which lay bright in the moonlight. Arne went to the other window and looked out also. Indoors it was warm and quiet; outdoors it was cold, and a sharp wind swept through the vale, bending the branches of the trees, and making their shadows creep trembling on the snow. A light shone over from the parsonage—then vanished—then appeared again—taking various shapes and colours, as a distant light always seems to do when one looks at it long and intently. Opposite, the mountain stood dark, with deep shadows at its foot, where a thousand fairy tales hovered, but with its snowy upper plains bright in the moonlight. The stars were shining, and northern lights were flickering in one quarter of the sky, but they did not spread. A little way from the window, down towards the water, stood some trees, whose shadows kept stealing over to each other; but the tall ash stood alone, writing on the snow."

It is not often that one is prompted to speak so warmly, but we are unable to say less of *Arne* than the best of our contemporaries have said—namely, that it is one of the most beautiful love stories ever written.

M. A. (M. A.)

DR. JEBB'S sermon in Hereford Cathedral was in many respects an excellent and appropriate one. But we would respectfully submit that the Rev. Dr. would have given a more effective justification of the Festival if he had confined himself to the enforcement of the claims of the charity in support of which it is held, instead of rushing into topics calculated to provoke controversy. We expect the clergy on these occasions to remind their hearers of what is due to the spirit of religion; and we should be very sorry to find the Cathedral turned into a place of merely secular entertainment. But to insist in the first place that the Oratorio shall only be given in the Church as a part of its established form of Divine Service, and then, secondly, that it shall never be given anywhere else but in the Church, is to set up an utterly impracticable theory, which would circumscribe the freedom of the religious spirit, on the one hand, whilst doing gross injustice to the claims of high art as such on the other. What would Dr. Jebb say if we were to insist that he should never discourse on anything but theology, and that he should never discourse on theology anywhere but from the pulpit? He is



a good theologian and an eloquent speaker. In the pulpit let him be reverent by all means, but a sermon is not a legitimate means of doing good simply because it is delivered in connection with a set service of worship, and religious oratory does not necessarily become impertinent or mischievous when exercised for philanthropic objects and in good faith on the unconsecrated public platform.

On Tuesday the experiment was made of an evening occupation of Hereford Cathedral, and the result proved that the idea was a happy one. The novelty of the thing created a haze in the minds of some people as to whether it was to be regarded, as, we are glad to say, it was regarded up to a certain point, as a religious service or an evening entertainment. It was satisfactory, therefore to find that those who were present observed the same laudable decorum as was noticeable in the morning. It was unsatisfactory, however, to see that the good behaviour, of which the sanctity of the place in which they were assembled ought to have sufficed to ensure an observance, forsook some of the audience at the end of the proceedings. When the last chorus of *Rebekah* commenced, up rose ladies and gentlemen in all parts of the Cathedral, just as they are accustomed to do before the conclusion of a concert, and sought to evade a crush by obtaining an early egress from the sacred building, of course distracting the attention of those whose sense of decency compelled them to keep their places until the proper time of departure had arrived. This was bad enough, but when the example was set by a steward it was utterly inexcusable. What would have been thought if every twentieth person in an ordinary Sunday evening congregation were to start upon a race for Booth's porch immediately the Bishop commenced the Benediction? Still more, what condemnation would there be if the clergy in the choir were, upon the Bishop beginning his concluding utterance, to commence their departure from the building?

It is curious to compare the war-songs of nations—those not written in time of peace, commemorating great events, but struck off at fever heat, in which the resolve and the rage of the people may find expression. Our literature is singularly poor in battle-songs. It would be difficult to name one worthy a great nation, those only being redeemed from mediocrity which commemorate our naval battles; we have no song to rouse the people, and serve, words and music, as fitting outlet for enthusiasm, which else might be dissipated in mere shouting. The best we have are the Jacobite songs of Scotland and the patriotic songs of Ireland. It proves the pacific tenour of English thought, and illustrates the fact that for six generations no battle has been fought on our soil—the '45 troubles excepted; that not one war-song has become popular among us, even when such songs were plentiful and the war fever high. We neither have nor wish to have a poetry of war. On the Continent things are different. There we find the war poetry of the last ninety years, and singularly illustrative of the national genius of each country. Take Germany and France. From their war songs the character of either land may be read. The German goes to war with words not the less burning because there is a depth of melancholy in them. He leaves his home, wife, children, with sorrow. Says Körner, who, at twenty-two wrote his last song on the field of Rosenberg, an hour before he fell:—"If tears rise at the thought of home, tears disgrace not the eyes of valour." The pageant of war awakes little joy in the German. He fights well when he loves his cause, and in the piety which lies at the bottom of his heart, can pray in the midst of battle. The buoyancy and joyousness of war are seldom to be found in German songs. There is none of the rattle and activity of camp life; no beat of drum and blare of bugle. The German sings in his tent songs tinged with sadness; he fights for no glory, thinking of those at home who love him well and bid him do his duty. But while the German is the armed custodian of his own, the Frenchman is the aggressor. The songs of Germany breathe resistance, those of France a crusade. "The French nation," says Carlyle, "distinguishes itself among nations by the characteristic of excitability, with the good, and also the perilous evil, which belongs to that." The good is, perhaps, that hope which, in disaster, perennially renews itself in a Frenchman's heart. Easily disheartened, he is easily revived. Ragged, barefoot,

starved, the Republican armies marched to the fight as to a wedding feast. Every man was a missionary; before him trembled tyrants; at his aspect mercenary hosts broke ranks and fled; their guns were avenging arms of Providence; they represented liberty and the love of country. Has not every French army since 1792 thus marched to war? Italy and Mexico have seen the Eagles of Deliverance; Algiers, the Eagle of Civilization. Casimir Delavigne, in the "*Parisienne*," Rouget de l'Isle, in the "*Marseillaise*," Chemier, in the "*Chant du Départ*," have all harped upon this strain. Not that every French soldier is fired with the consciousness of a divine mission, but that his love of war, for war's sake, its splendour, excitement, dangers, pride, is deepened by a conviction that he is fighting for great ideas, and that the French army is the vanguard of civilization.

THE subjoined is an extract from a letter to an American paper describing Madame Goldschmidt's last appearance in Exeter Hall, London:—

"We waited very impatiently through Herr Goldschmidt's ambitious 'Instrumental Prelude,' and through the first of his jerky choruses. It was not entirely the fog which made our eyes see dimly the sweet-faced woman sitting on his left-hand; thinner, older, sadder, but still with the same winning, pathetic atmosphere about every pose, and every expression which conquered all hearts twenty years ago, disarms all criticism to-day, and will continue to do so so long as Jenny Lind's soul dwells in Jenny Lind's body. If there be such things as perfect grace of clumsiness, perfect beauty of homeliness, she has them; and they are more lasting than the grace of gracefulness, or the beauty of good looks. As it is with her face, her movements, her attitudes, so it is with her voice. Sacred above all it has lost, it has kept something of such individuality that one would know it for Jenny Lind's voice. In spite of the husky chest tones, in spite of the strained and hardly reached upper C, there is a peculiar soulful quality in it which has been rarely heard on any stage, except when Jenny Lind has sung. Critics would say—and perhaps, by rules of art, the assertion cannot be contradicted—that Jenny Lind's voice is gone. But men and women are still moved to their hearts' depths by her singing. I believe if she sings when she is three-score years and ten it will be the same."

THE German papers complain of the patriotic songs with which they are overwhelmed, and which they are obliged to refuse *en bloc*. Occasionally, however, exceptions are made. Thus the *Cologne Gazette* published three poems, one by the veteran Simrook, another by Giebel, and a third, in English, by a minstrel who as yet has only initials. Simrook's poem, entitled "*Kugelspritzencultur*," begins in this wise:—

"Marschirist Du an der Spitz  
Der Civilization  
Mit deiner Kugelspritze [mitrailleuse]  
Dritter Napoleon?  
Des frommen Landmanns Saaten  
Zerstampfen wider Zug,  
Wär' Dir nicht Grün's genug,  
Du willst im Blute waten?" &c.

Of Geibel's "*Kriegslied*" we give the first and last stanza:—

"Empor, mein Volk, das Schwert zur Hand,  
Und rück hervor in Haufen!  
Vom heil'gen Zorn um's Vaterland  
Mit Feuer lass dich taufen!  
Der Erbfeind bent dir Schmach und Spott,  
Das Maas ist voll—zur Schlacht mit Gott!  
Vorwärts!  
Flieg, Adler, flieg! Wir stürmen nach,  
Ein e'ig Volk in Waffen;  
Wir stürmen nach, ob tausendfach  
Des Todes Pforten klaffen,  
Und fallen wir: flieg, Adler, flieg!  
Aus unsrem Blute wächst der Sieg.  
Vorwärts!"

The Englishman, become a poet through indignation, sings:—

"O, England, England! once so proud,  
When on thy glory's sunny height,  
How are thy spirits now so low!  
How are thy stars so little bright!"

And then follows another "word-play" upon *glad stone-still*, which we, however, will spare our readers.



## BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

I returned this morning from the concert which the incomparable Madame Arabella Goddard has given for the benefit of the wounded soldiers. It would be impossible for me to give you the slightest idea of the enormous sensation she has created. The immense hall was full to suffocation, and the receipts I am told were over 10,000 francs. When Madame Goddard was led on the platform by the gentlemanly director of the Cursalon, a storm of applause greeted her. Her majestic appearance, and the beauty of her person, made quite a sensation; but when she performed, with that wonderful *maestria*, the grand fantasia from *Masaniello*, the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds, and on that occasion, as also after the fantasia on airs from *Der Freischütz*, by Benedict, she was called out again and again until she favoured the public with Thalberg's transcription of "Home, sweet Home." Princess Metternich, Duchess of Mouchy, and other of the most fashionable ladies of Paris, who are now here, expressed their delight at the marvellous performance, and assured Madame Goddard that if she would come next winter to Paris, she would have such a recognition which has been accorded to no pianist since the time of Liszt, Thalberg, and Chopin. Can you now imagine what a excitement Madame Goddard would create if she would play, besides the pieces she has performed here, some of the concertos or sonatas of Beethoven, Mozart, or Mendelssohn, where no living pianist comes near to her. I cannot hide the immense pleasure I feel at Madame Goddard's triumphant success here, as I always prophesied it, that she would receive immense satisfaction if she would come to France.

M. S.

## PROVINCIAL.

BRIGHTON.—A correspondent writes as follows:—

"The Theatre has been nightly crowded during the past week to witness the excellent performances of Mr. Sothern. *Lord Dundreary* and *David Garrick* have been given, as well as *A Regular Fix*, likewise a new comedy by Madame Morton, entitled, *A Threepenny Bit*, of which all can be said is, that it succeeded in making the audience laugh. It is a pity that Mr. Sothern had not better assistance, as, with the exception of Mr. Shenton and Miss Roselle, the company was very indifferent. As an amateur, Mr. Shenton deserves more than a passing word of praise for the professional manner in which he played his parts. As the Gardener, he made quite a hit out of a mere stock character in the new comedy, and as Chivey in *David Garrick* he received a hearty recall on each night of its representation. Miss Roselle has talent which we shall hear of in London, no doubt. She has been nightly called before the curtain, in conjunction with Mr. Sothern."

SWANSEA.—The *Cambrian* informs us that:—

"A brilliant assemblage welcomed Miss Edmonds at her annual concert. The room in every part was densely crowded, many of the principal families of the town and neighbourhood being present. Upon making her first appearance upon the platform, our fair artist (Ehedydd Cymru) was received with deafening applause, a pleasing proof of the approval and esteem in which she is held by all who can thoroughly appreciate real merit and artistic taste. The programme, which had been drawn up with great care, was of a varied character. Miss Edmonds was exceedingly happy in all her vocal emanations, and she never appeared to better advantage than last evening. She displayed great taste and purity of execution in her rendering of the quaint old English airs; but the attraction of the evening, so far as Miss Edmonds was concerned, was the Welsh song, 'Deryn Pŵr,' which she gave in true Celtic style, and in the costume of the Cymry. The dress worn was the same as that in which she appeared at Lady Llanover's Welsh entertainment, when she sang before some of the members of the Royal family. Her complete transformation—her *naïveté* as the fascinating Welsh maiden—was the occasion of the loudest cheers from all parts of the house, and it was some minutes before she could proceed with her song. We need scarcely say that Miss Edmonds rendered the air in a manner worthy her high repute and acknowledged taste and expression. She received a most determined encore—again and again repeated, and the audience expressed their gratification at her singing by their heartiest marks of approval. The artists who were engaged to assist Miss Edmonds, were Mlle. Drasdil; Miss Lizzie Moulding, (pianist); Mr. Arthur Byron (tenor); Mr. Henry Lazarus (clarinet), and Herr Sjoden (harpist). In every respect the concert was a most complete success, and all present seemed thoroughly to enjoy the rich musical treat which had been provided for them by Swansea's fair and talented cantatrice and her accomplished confrères."

FLORENCE.—A new ballet, *Bianca di Nevers*, by Sig. Pratesi, has made a hit at the Teatro Principe Umberto.

## THE "APPRENTICESHIP" OF GREAT MEN.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—Whether for or against their works, your constant criticisms of our great men in music has contributed to throw around each and all of them a halo of interest that cannot fail to enchain everyone. It matters not whether the criticism be adverse or favourable provided the work or the man who does the work be worth "powder and shot," the attention of the young musician is kept in pleasurable excitement; and he, in common with every lover of the art, delights to trace the infant footsteps of true greatness. If his idol come in for a fair share of just animadversion, he takes, in Emerson's words, the flattering unction to his soul, that "To be blamed is to be blessed"—his idol, if not his ideal, remains his idol still. Blame or praise only increases his interest and his adoration. This, of course, refers but to "representative men;" by no means to those who are not worth even blaming. Silence in such cases is better than any "tongue" known or unknown. Though, in a few isolated instances, great men have "waked some morning to find themselves immortal"—that is to say, they have appeared to reach the pinnacle of fame at a single bound—yet this is not the rule but the exception—the rarest exception; and even such examples will probably become further instructive by further scrutiny. Men, though divinely gifted, do not usually vault into high places in the esteem and love of their fellows without great labour, pains, and patience. Everything, as in nature, of whom Burns sang:—

"Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,  
And then she made the lasses, O!"

is the result of a gradual and certain growth. Since to everything, even to nature herself, an "apprenticeship," an intermediate period betwixt seed-time and harvest, is imperative, it may be worth while to turn attention for a moment to the apprenticeship of the celebrated musicians. The gift of composition, even as the art of poetry, is regarded as being beyond the pale of an ordinary or extraordinary education to impart. Yet, given the genius, education can do so much towards shaping its ends and purposes, that without this necessary assistance the creations of genius could not be ushered into being, could not live; unless, indeed, the word "live" could with justice be applied to notes as transient as the nightingale's song. Without education in some sort there could be no tangible existence, no permanent endurance to the utterances of poet or musician. To reduce to written signs, as the means of communication between mind and mind, an education alone can supply the indispensable calligraphic art which alone gives vitality to the emanations of the imagination and fancy. But after the art of writing has been acquired, with the addition even of all the adjuncts of rhetorical science, there is yet a "something" more subtle than power, elegance, or fluency; a *something* which some few possess, though the many do not possess it; and, it is to the cultivation of this latent faculty; this hidden gift; the furnishing of this secret Aladdin's lamp, that might be termed the "apprenticeship" of the man of genius. Their very diligence is amazing; their earnestness appals one. The less real stand aghast, dismayed at the enormous quantity of work they do, and at the persistently untiring momentum of their daily lives:—

"Never hasting, never resting; like a star."

Two modes appear to have been pursued by the musicians in perfecting their 'prentice han'—one, to re-write over and over again the same thing, as did Mendelssohn with his *Elijah*; the other to get his apprenticeship out of the public, by writing rapidly a succession of fresh works, as did Handel. It is noteworthy to remark the proportion of a man's works that live after him. Of Handel's thirty or more operas, only a few (six, I believe) have been printed. Of his thirty oratorios, about a like number hold their ground; three of them transcendently so, though there is no reason why *Samson* should not be esteemed the equal of either *Judas*, *Israel*, or *Messiah*. I want chiefly to call attention to the enormous practice in composition, the long apprenticeship this thirty years of ephemeral opera-writing gave to our greatest master. If informed that one-sixth part of his works would have been in after years preferred before the remaining five-sixths, he would, at the time of their production, be scarcely in a position to indicate with certainty which would be the favoured compositions. Shakspeare, it would seem, destroyed the ladder by which he rose to Herculean capacity; yet, about a like proportion, six or eight out of forty great works, have been preferred uniformly to the others, by the popular vote. Such was the case with our chief metrical hymn writers; Watts and Wesley producing some five hundred each, only about a sixth part of them find now general acceptance and approval. Far from being any occasion of contumely on the labours of these good men, this is only a fair average proportion. Of Mozart's *Masses*, of Haydn's *Masses*, the proportion of popularity is about the same. Bach's "apprenticeship" is still more strongly marked. An excep-



tional man in every aspect, Bach, he would occasionally re-write, often polish and embellish; still the evidences abound that he obtained the larger amount of his unrivalled "manipulation" (I use the word in the sense of having a wide comprehension and minute disposal of material "to hand"), from those innumerable little fancies thrown off apparently without the slightest effort in some felicitous "idle" moment. These he by no means patched up; but wrote on, and on, and on, thus acquiring by slow and sure degrees, a giant's grasp. So in the bagatelles and simple variations of a still more exceptional man, Beethoven, we have some slight, but by no means unimportant "foot-prints" of greatness; he did not go back and write and re-write his trifles until, by accretion, they became symphonies. He let them go for what they were worth and "tried again." So likewise with Mozart and Haydn. The subject offers unbounded scope for thoughtful attention; more than space permits. Perhaps Haydn's symphonies and quartets might be thinned out much about in the same ratio. Of his quartets, eighty-four in number, about one-sixth are more popular than the rest; of his symphonies, numbering about a hundred, about the same proportion. The twelve he wrote for *Saloman* are all, perhaps, equally good; but then he had written fifty or sixty before that time, and thus got, during forty years of labour before he came to England, a very fair apprenticeship. In Weber, chiefly in his operas, the same gradual growth can be pleasantly traced; his "apprenticeship" must have extended over a quarter of a century (for he began young) before his genius culminated in *Oberon*. Rossini also evinces the various stages he passed in his "apprenticeship" in a most transparent degree. Out of his thirty operas about five take marked precedence of the others. So with Donizetti, Auber, Balfe, Bishop, and others, if there be any others who have written so extensively as these composers. Out of something like two hundred vocal works, about twenty of Bishop's are greatly preferred to all the others. Dibdin, who exceeded this large number of original songs, is now popularly represented by some half-a-dozen ballads; but these are models of the highest excellence of their kind. Better ballads were never written than a few Dibdin has left to perpetuate his name. Suppose the early efforts of these distinguished men—the operas of Handel, the lessons of Bach, the bagatelles of Beethoven, the juvenile sonatas of Mozart, the first quartets of Haydn, the operas of Weber, Rossini, Donizetti, Auber, Balfe, Bishop, or Dibdin, had been subjected to the scathing crucible of an exacting public criticism through the press, at the outset of their career, the composers must have possessed nerves of iron to have gone on, and on, through all the steps of their tedious apprenticeship to the production of such works as the *Messiah*, *Passion-Music*, *Choral Symphony*, *Giovanni*, *Creation*, *Freischütz*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Luceria*, *Masaniello*, *Bohemian Girl*, "Should he upbraid," or "Tom Bowling." The "moral" I would draw is this: that difficulties do not daunt genius. They were doubtless all well criticized in select circles, and the best abused amongst them was perhaps the best man of all. Again, they did not anticipate that every work would be received with equal favour. Further, they did not always know which would eventually prove their best work. They were possessed of unflinching patience, and a belief in themselves that sustained them ever. Would it not be well for our young aspirants to emulate the greatness of their patience; to work on not knowing which shall prosper—"this or that." To work on, because only by actual and constant work can the indispensable qualities arising from a thorough apprenticeship become theirs. Mendelssohn, who is said to have been nine years polishing his *Elijah*; also Meyerbeer and some others, proceeded in their "apprenticeship" in another method; if not with more success, they are worthy of all honour for their conscientious devotion to their own principles. The sets of symphonies of Beethoven and Mozart are beyond the pale of a gossiping communication like this. To say they are perfection would be but to "paint the lily," or "gild refined gold." There is, I believe, evidence to show that portions of these were re-written with most assiduous care; showing how essential, even to men of their colossal mould, unbounded experience, and long apprenticeship, was a constant and patient comparison of their own actual achievements with the ideal of perfection that was within them.—Yours very truly,

IDEALIZER.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Will you kindly insert the following notice in the *Musical World*.—Yours obediently,  
Aug. 23, 1870.

#### STEEL BARS INSTEAD OF CHURCH BELLS.

Information can be obtained through Dr. Ferdinand Rahles, who is entirely conversant with regard to the manufactory, price, and form of the Steel Bars. Letters may be addressed at the office of the *Musical World*.

#### W A I F S.

Mr. H. Jarrett accompanies Mdle. Christine Nilsson to America. The steamer sails on the 3rd of September.

Mdle. Carlotta Patti is singing with great success at Rio Janiero.

Signor Mario and family are staying at present at Eastbourne.

From *Il Trovatore*, we learn that Signor Ciampi is at Milan.

A son of Taglioni has been killed in one of the recent battles.

Meyerbeer's *Africaine* was given with great success at Buenos Ayres, on the occasion of the benefit of Madame Giulia Gasc.

The corner-stone of a new concert-hall at Sheffield will be laid on the 31st inst., by his Grace the Duke of Norfolk.

Philadelphia will have five theatres next season. A theatre is designed for Baltimore to accommodate 5,000 persons.

Mr. Charles Reade is in treaty for a play to be produced at the Holborn.

A new difficulty has arisen to perplex the managers of Parisian theatres: all the firemen have been taken for active service.

A new opera buffa, by Signor Usiglio (*La Scommessa*), the libretto by Signor B. Prado, has been successful at the Principe Umberto Theatre, Florence.

The Princess's Theatre will we understand, be opened under the direction of Mr. Boucicault. A new drama of Irish life (*The Rapparee*) is in rehearsal.

Letters from Paris say that the English, terrified by the "Marschallaise," have been practising the "Chant du Départ," and are coming home "in thousands."—U. or S.

As one of the results of the war *La Revue et Gazette des Théâtres*, a theatrical paper of more than forty years' standing, which was regularly published twice a week, has announced that for some time to come it will appear once a week only.

A son of Tamburini has committed suicide, having sustained heavy losses on the Bourse, where he held the responsible position of an agent de change. The whole of Tamburini's fortune is said to have been involved in the speculations which brought about this catastrophe.

The Empress has been putting the *Crown Diamonds* to rights in view of "eventualities." We are sorry for the distress of a beautiful woman; but if "eventualities" force her to reside at Sevenoaks, she will find *Loose in a Village* more satisfactory than *Les Diamans de la Couronne*.—U. or S.

As Madame Patti (Marquise de Caux) was unable to go to Homburg on account of the war, the committee of the Birmingham Musical Festival offered her an engagement, but the terms asked by the *prima donna* being 200l. for each time of singing, which for eight performances would amount to 1,600l., the negotiation came promptly to an end.

Che cosa è il *Guiglielmo Tell* per chi non conosce la rivoluzione Elvetica, domanda l'*orco dell'avvenire* (come egli si battezza). Che cosa sono gli *Ugonotti* per chi non conosce la strage di San Bartolomeo? —Glielo diremo noi: è musica così potente da far capire anche senza le parole che cosa sia la rivoluzione Elvetica e la strage di San Bartolomeo a coloro per i quali l'*orco* non vorrebbe fosse fatta la musica!

The *Melbourne Argus* of June 18 states that the principal event in theatrical circles for some time had been the *début* of Mrs. Charles Mathews. Mrs. Mathews appeared as Harriet Routh, in *Black Sheep*, and met with a very kindly reception. Subsequently Mrs. Mathews performed as Medea, in the burlesque of *The Golden Fleece*, and Mr. and Mrs. Mathews brought the season to a close on Friday, the 3rd of June with the performance of *London Assurance*. At the end of the entertainment Mr. Mathews made a speech.

We read the following in *Watson's Art Journal* (U. S.):—

"The world-renowned cantatrice and traveller of every clime, Madame Anna Bishop, visits Canada with a view of giving out-door concerts in the Horticultural Gardens, Toronto, as well as at Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, and Halifax. The first performance was to take place at Toronto on the 25th ult. Madame Bishop is accompanied by some leading artists from New York."

We have been requested to State that the British Hospital for Diseases of the Skin, which for many years has maintained a crowded out-patient department at No. 56, Great Marlborough Street, Regent Street, and more recently another of equal extent at No. 13A, Finsbury Square, has lately been anonymously presented with a £1,000 Bank of England note. The committee of management have devoted this addition to their resources to the purchase of the lease of their premises in Great Marlborough Street and to the establishment of an in-patient



department, which is much needed for the proper treatment of the severer cases of disease that are daily applying for relief. But the sum so generously placed at their disposal, large as it is, falls far below what is necessary for the maintenance of the in-patients whom they will shortly be ready to receive. They hope, however, by the aid of further contributions, to be enabled to utilize in the manner proposed the munificent gift that has been entrusted to them. For those who may desire to aid so meritorious a work we may state that contributions of one shilling and upwards in stamps, or by post-office order or cheques, forwarded to Mr. Alexander Rivington, the hon. sec., at No. 56, Great Marlborough Street, will be thankfully acknowledged by him.

In the patriotic demonstrations recently made in Paris by means of song, the "Marseillaise" has commonly been supplemented with the "Rhin Allemand" of Alfred de Musset. The poem was written as an answer to a German Rhenish song by Herr Becker, and its force cannot be appreciated without a knowledge of the previous effusion. We therefore give the words of Herr Becker, which originally appeared in the *Rheinisches Jahrbuch* for the year 1841:—

Sie sollen ihn nicht haben  
Den freien deutschen Rhein;  
Ob sie, wie gier'ge Raben,  
Sich heiser danach schreien.

So lang' er ruhig wallend  
Sein grünes Kleid noch trägt,  
So lang' ein Ruder schallend  
In seine Wogen schlägt!

Sie sollen ihn nicht haben!  
Den freien deutschen Rhein,  
So lang' sich Herzen laben  
An seinem Feuerwein.

So lang' in seinem Strome  
Noch fest die Felsen stehn,

So lang' sich' hohe Dome  
In seinem Spiegel sehn!

Sie sollen ihn nicht haben  
Den freien deutschen Rhein,  
So lang' dort kühne Knaben  
Um schlanke Dirnen frein.

So lang' die Flüsse hebet  
Ein Fisch in seinem Grund;  
So lang' ein Lied noch lebet  
In seiner Sänger Mund.

Sie sollen ihn nicht haben  
Den freien deutschen Rhein,  
Bis seine Fluth begraben  
Des letzten Manns Gebein."

This song has been made known to the French through a prose translation, in the *Poésies Nouvelles* (1836-52) of Alfred de Musset, and we may conclude that de Musset never read the German original, from the fact that the six stanzas, in which he replies to Becker's seven, overlook the stanza omitted in the prose version. This is "Le Rhin Allemand," written in February, 1841:—

"Nous l'avons eu, votre Rhin Allemand,  
Il a tenu dans notre verre.  
Un couplet qu'on s'en va chantant,  
Efface-t-il la trace altière  
Du pied de nos chevaux marqué dans votre sang?"

Nous l'avons eu, votre Rhin Allemand,  
Son sein porte une plaie ouverte,  
Du jour où Condé triomphant  
A déchiré sa robe verte  
Oh le père a passé, passera bien l'enfant.

Nous l'avons eu, votre Rhin Allemand,  
Que faisaient vos vertus germaines,  
Quand notre César, tout puissant,  
De son ombre couvrait vos plaines?  
Oh donc est-il tombé ce dernier ossement?"

Nous l'avons eu, votre Rhin Allemand,  
Si vous oubliez votre histoire,  
Vos jeunes filles, sûrement,  
Ont mieux gardé notre mémoire;  
Elles nous ont versé votre petit vin blanc.

S'il est à vous, votre Rhin Allemand,  
Lavez-y donc votre livrée,  
Mais parlez-en moins fièrement.  
Combien, au jour de la curée,  
Etiez-vous de corbeaux contre l'aigle expirant?"

Qu'il coule en paix, votre Rhin Allemand,  
Que vos cathédrales gothiques  
S'y reflètent modestement;  
Mais craignez que vos airs bachiques  
Ne réveillent les morts de leur repos sanglant."

The song of the German, by no means celebrated in Germany, is better than that of the Frenchman, very celebrated in France. The bluntness of the one expresses a national sentiment more directly than the smartness of the other. Had an arbiter in the days of Theocritus pronounced sentence in the case of "Becker v. de Musset," he would have awarded a quart of the best beer to the Teuton, and a bottle of cheap champagne to the Gaul.

The sketch of Michael Kelly, who knew Mozart—says *Dwight's Journal of Music*—strangely omits to mention that very interesting book of *Reminiscences*, published in his later days, and even reprinted in this country many years ago. Copies are rare, but it is well worth reading. [A reprint of this interesting book will shortly be commenced in the *Musical World*.—Ed.]

The following is extracted from a private letter:—

"Mlle. Emilie Tate's tour in Germany has been discontinued in consequence of the war. At Ems the young pianist was favourably received by the King. Thence she proceeded to Wiesbaden, but the war put a stop to abstract music, although the theatre was kept open by "command;" the receipts on one occasion amounting to *three thalers*! At a concert and performance given at the theatre on the 13th, Mlle. Emilie Tate played Mendelssohn's *Andante* and *Rondo Capriccioso*—a *Spinnlied*, by Litolff, a fantasia on *I Lombardi*, and "Gott erhalte den König," with variations. She was recalled after each. Since then the fingers of the young pianist have been exclusively employed in manufacturing *charpie* (lint) for the wounded. Mlle. Tate leaves shortly for Brussels."

The *Paris American Register* says:—

"Miss Minnie Hauck, the American artist of whom we have already spoken in our columns, has been gaining repeated and brilliant success before critical and appreciative audiences in Vienna. She made her first appearance on the 6th of May, in the rôle of Marguerite in Gounod's *Faust*. Her youth, her graceful acting, added to the extreme power and richness of her voice, at once enlisted the sympathies of the entire house, and confirmed the opinion we had already formed, that her artistic career is certain to be a series of successes. The clearness of her low notes surprises and captivates the hearers. The German press was unanimous in predicting for our fair countrywoman as high, if not higher, reputation than that obtained by Sontag. Miss Minnie Hauck's subsequent Zerlina in the opera of *Don Juan*, represented on the 20th of May, before an overflowing house, was most enthusiastically applauded. Rarely, if ever, were the musical lovers of Vienna favoured with such a thorough artistic impersonation of Zerlina. Miss Hauck's acting is free from all staginess. Her delineations show deep study; and yet, withal, she preserves intact that youthful freshness which appeals so strongly to the spectator. Her Marguerite had raised expectations that were fully, we may indeed say, more than realized, by the immense powers that she puts forth in Zerlina. As an operatic vocalist, Miss Minnie Hauck is evidently called on to fill a high position; and we are but too happy to be afforded an opportunity of congratulating her on her recent success in Vienna, thus according our meed of praise to American talent, as so well represented by this lady."

BARCELONA.—Don Raman Villanova, one of the few composers Spain has produced of late years, died here a short time ago, aged 69.

NAPLES.—The new theatre now building will be named either the Teatro Rossini, or the Teatro Principessa Margherita.

#### MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

DUNOAN DAVISON & Co.—"Marinella," canzone; and "Mille Volte," duetino, by Alberto Randegger.

CHAMBER & Co.—"Songs of the War," French and German, with English translations.

LAMBSON COCK & Co.—"Rondo for the Pianoforte," by Westley Richards (Associate of the Royal Academy of Music).

NOVELLO, EWER, & Co.—"Onward, Christian Soldiers," sacred choral march; "Festival Te Deum;" "Thy will be done," choral hymn; "Though nature's strength decay," choral hymn; "Brightly gleams our banner," choral processional hymn, by J. Tilliard.

CHAPPELL & Co.—"No, leave my heart to rest;" "Still when daylight o'er the wave;" "Chloris"—songs by Evelyn Hampton.

ASHDOWN & PARRY.—"The Lark;" "Love's Last Appeal"—songs by Emily G. Janson.

ROBERT COOK & Co.—"O Thou who makest wars to cease;" "If a man does his duty"—songs by J. L. Hatton. "The Royal Prussian March," by Stephen Glover.

WEEKES & Co.—"Cease, rude Boreas," song, by James F. Simpson.

HIMS & SON (Liverpool).—"Grand Processional March," by W. H. Jude.

## THE VOICE & SINGING BY ADOLFO FERRARI.

THE FORMATION AND CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE FOR SINGING.  
Price 12s.

London: DUNOAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent-street, W.

And may be obtained of Signor FERRARI, at his residence, 32, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, W.

### DR. STOLBERG'S VOICE LOZENGE,

For invigorating and enriching the voice, and removing affections of the throat,

HAS maintained its high character for a quarter of a century; and the flattering testimonials received from Grisi, Persiani, Lablache, and many of the Clergy and Statesmen, fully establish its great virtues. No Vocalist or Public Speaker should be without it. To be obtained of all Wholesale and Retail Chemists in the United Kingdom.



# BOOSEY & CO.'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## WORKS FOR THE ORGAN.

HENRY SMART'S ORGAN-BOOK. Twelve New Pieces of Various kinds ... ..	s. d.
HENRY SMART'S ORGAN STUDENT. Twelve Pieces for Practice of the Pedal Obbligato ... ..	7 6
HENRY SMART'S FIFTY INTERLUDES and PRELUDES ... ..	5 0
HENRY SMART'S CHORAL BOOK, a Collection of Hymn Tunes harmonized in various ways, with Independent Organ Accompaniment. "Indispensable to all students."— <i>Musical Standard</i> . ... ..	2 6
J. L. HATTON'S ORGAN-BOOK, a Collection of New and Original Compositions ... ..	5 0
HESSE'S ORGAN-BOOK, in two vols. 6s. each, or one vol., boards, 12s. This book, containing 53 Compositions, includes all Hesse's Principal Works. ... ..	7 6
JULIUS ANDRE'S ORGAN-BOOK. 59 of his best Pieces. ... ..	6 0
WELLY'S OFFERTORIES FOR THE ORGAN. Op. 35. Six Books in one vol. ... ..	6 0
J. T. STONES ORGAN-BOOK, an arrangement of 18 Classical Compositions ... ..	6 0

## BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS complete in 7 numbers of BOOSEY'S MUSICAL CABINET. 1s. each.

46. SONATAS, Op. 2, Nos. 1, 2, 3, and Op. 7.
47. SONATAS, Op. 10, Nos. 1, 2, 3—Op. 13, and Op. 14, Nos. 1 and 2.
48. SONATAS, Op. 22—Op. 26—Op. 27, No. 1 (Moonlight), and Op. 27, No. 2.
49. SONATAS, Op. 28 (Pastorale), and Op. 31, Nos. 1, 2, 3.
50. SONATAS, Op. 49, Nos. 1 and 2. Op. 53—Op. 54 (Appassionata), and Op. 57.
51. SONATAS, Op. 78—Op. 79 (Characteristiqua)—Op. 81—Op. 90, and Op. 101.
52. SONATAS, Op. 106—Op. 109—Op. 110, and Op. 111.

Complete in one volume, 7s. 6d.

## MOZART'S SONATAS complete in 5 numbers of BOOSEY'S MUSICAL CABINET. 1s. each.

129. SONATAS, Nos. 1 (Fantasia and Sonata), 2, 3.
130. SONATAS, Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7.
131. SONATAS, Nos. 8, 9, 10, 11.
132. SONATAS, Nos. 12, 13, 14, 15.
133. SONATAS, Nos. 16, 17, 18, 19.

Complete in one volume, 5s.

## SCHUBERT'S SONATAS, complete in four numbers of BOOSEY'S MUSICAL CABINET. 1s. each.

134. SONATAS, No. 1 (Op. 42.) No. 2 (Op. 53.)
135. SONATAS, No. 3 (Op. 120.) No. 4 (Op. 122.) No. 5 (Op. 143.)
136. SONATAS, No. 6 (Op. 147.) No. 7 (Op. 164.) No. 8.
137. SONATAS, Nos. 9 and 10.

Complete in one volume, 4s. 6d.

## BOOSEY'S SHILLING OPERAS FOR PIANO-FORTE, in the MUSICAL CABINET, have a larger circulation throughout Europe and America than any other Editions. Each Book contains from 48 to 80 pages, including Overtures.

FIGARO  
ROBERT LE DIABLE  
DON JUAN  
LUCREZIA BORGIA  
DER FREISCHUTZ  
CRISPINO E LA COMARE  
TROVATORE  
NORMA  
DON PASQUALE  
FRA DIAVOLO  
RIGOLETTO  
ZAMPA

GRAND DUCHESS  
FIDELIO  
BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA  
SONNAMBULA  
BALLO IN MASCHERA  
TRAVIATA  
MARTHA  
WILLIAM TELL  
CROWN DIAMONDS  
MASANIELLO  
DOMINO NOIR

Also, in Volumes containing four Operas, 6s. each.

### NEW NUMBERS OF

## BOOSEY'S MUSICAL CABINET.

138. GOUNOD'S TEN SONGS, including the "Serenade" and "Oh voulez vous aller?"
139. TWELVE SONGS by ARTHUR SULLIVAN and J. L. MOLLOY.
141. GOLLMICK'S EIGHT VOLKSLIEDER for Piano-forte, including "The Broken Ring," "Soldaten Lied," "True Love," &c.
140. STEPHEN HELLER'S 24 Studies of Expression and Rhythm.

Price 1s.; post-free, 1s. 2d. each.

## BOOSEY'S SHILLING BOOKS of SONGS in the

- MUSICAL CABINET. Post-free, 1s. 2d. each.
96. SANTLEY'S TWENTY-SIX SONGS, including many original compositions, published in no other collection.
77. EIGHTEEN NEW SONGS by CLARIBEL, DOLORIS, VIRGINIA GABRIEL, BALFE, BAKER, &c.
94. TWENTY CELEBRATED SONGS by THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY, ALEXANDER LEE, &c.
83. THIRTEEN FAVOURITE DUETS, including "When a Little Farm we Keep," "My Pretty Page," "As it fell upon a Day," "Tell me where is Fancy Bred," "The Lesson Duet," &c.
6. SIR HENRY BISHOP'S SONGS.
44. MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY'S SONGS.
43. SIMS REEVES' SONGS.
93. TWENTY-FIVE NEW CHRISTY'S SONGS.

## BOOSEY'S SACRED MUSICAL CABINET.

Price 1s.; post-free, 1s. 1d. each.

1. TWENTY-FOUR SACRED SONGS by CLARIBEL.
2. THE MESSIAH, FOR PIANOFORTE SOLO.
3. THE CREATION, FOR PIANOFORTE SOLO.
4. NORDMANN'S FIFTY VOLUNTARIES FOR HARMONIUM.
5. TWENTY-FIVE SACRED WORKS FOR HARMONIUM.
6. WELLY'S OFFERTORIES FOR HARMONIUM.
7. WELLY'S OFFERTORIES FOR ORGAN.
8. ANDRE AND HESSE'S VOLUNTARIES FOR ORGAN OR HARMONIUM.
9. TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY CHANTS.
10. ANTHEMS BY MODERN COMPOSERS.
11. SONGS FOR SUNDAY EVENING.
12. SHORT VOLUNTARIES FOR ORGAN.
13. TWELVE CHRISTMAS CAROLS AND HYMNS.
14. TWELVE GOOD FRIDAY AND EASTER HYMNS.
15. KENT'S ANTHEMS, ARRANGED FOR HARMONIUM.
16. TWO HUNDRED PSALM AND HYMN TUNES WITHOUT WORDS.
17. THE CANTICLES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.
18. SACRED FANTASIAS BY FAVARGER, KUHE, BRINLEY RICHARDS, &c.
19. ELLIOTT'S VOLUNTARIES FOR HARMONIUM.

## SHILLING BOOKS OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC in the

- MUSICAL CABINET. Post-free, 1s. 2d. each.
113. ROBERT SCHUMANN'S ALBUM FOR THE YOUNG.
100. ROBERT SCHUMANN'S SCENES OF CHILDHOOD. Complete. And Nine other Short Pieces.
120. THALBERG'S ART OF SINGING. Six Pieces.
122. THALBERG'S HOME, SWEET HOME, LAST ROSE, and LILLIE DALE
117. CHOPIN'S VALSES. Complete.
114. BEETHOVEN'S FORTY-FIVE WALTZES.
23. TEN OVERTURES, by Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Rossini, and Auber.
99. FRANZ SCHUBERT'S FOUR IMPROMPTUS, and SIX MOMENTS MUSICAUX. All complete.
87. LEYBACH'S SIX MOST CELEBRATED FANTASIAS, including "Pari-sian," "Sonambula," &c.
88. MENDELSSOHN'S EIGHT SHORT PIECES, including "The Rivulet," Two Musical Sketches, Andante and Rondo, &c.
85. STEPHEN HELLER'S PROMENADES D'UN SOLITAIRE. Complete.
80. STEPHEN HELLER'S TWELVE SHORT PIECES FOR PIANOFORTE.
84. KUHE'S EIGHT FANTASIAS.
79. TEN DRAWING-ROOM PIECES, including "The Shepherds' Song," "Peries et Diamans," "Il Corricolo," &c.
- 33, 34, 35. MENDELSSOHN'S SIX BOOKS OF SONGS WITHOUT WORDS. Complete.

## BOOSEY'S SHILLING ORATORIOS, MASSES, and CANTATAS.

- |                         |                       |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| HYMN OF PRAISE.         | WALPURGIS NIGHT.      |
| HAYDN'S IMPERIAL MASS.  | BEETHOVEN'S MASS IN C |
| GOUNOD'S ST. CECELE.    | ACIS AND GALATEA.     |
| MOZART'S 12TH MASS.     | MOZART'S REQUIEM.     |
| ROSSINI'S STABAT MATER. | DETTINGEN TE DEUM.    |
| JUDAS MACCABÆUS.        | ISRAEL IN EGYPT.      |
| THE MESSIAH.            | THE CREATION.         |

## BISHOP'S GLEE BOOK, 28 Glee

- |                                                              |       |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| BOOSEY'S NATIONAL GLEE BOOK, 60 Glee                         | s. d. |
| THE CHORALIST, 96 Part-songs. 2 vols. each                   | 2 0   |
| MENDELSSOHN'S 24 Part-songs                                  | 5 6   |
| The above Works, for Societies in penny numbers.             | 1 0   |
| THE CHILDREN'S CHORAL BOOK, 44 easy Part-songs               | 6 0   |
| A GARLAND OF SONGS, 50 Part-songs for village and school use | 6 0   |

LONDON:

BOOSEY AND CO., HOLLES STREET.



SYDNEY SMITH'S

FOUR  
New Pieces.

---

FAUST.

Fantasia on Gounod's Opera.

(By kind permission of Messrs. Chappell & Co.)

PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS.

---

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

Pensée Maritime.

PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS.

---

I LOMBARDI.

Fantasia on Verdi's Opera.

PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS.

---

COQUETTERIE.

Caprice Brillant.

PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS.

---

LONDON:

ASHDOWN & PARRY,

HANOVER SQUARE.

IN THE PRESS,

L'Echo  
De La Guerre.

FANTAISIE.

PAR

LE CHEVALIER  
ANTOINE DE KONTSKI

Price 4s.

---

CHAPPELL & CO.,

50, New Bond Street, London.



# Birmingham Musical Festival.

*Now Ready,*

## JULES BENEDICT'S ORATORIO, ST. PETER.

Folio Size. Cloth. 21s.

ALSO EACH MOVEMENT SINGLY.

## FERDINAND HILLER'S

DRAMATIC CANTATA,

## NALA AND DAMAYANTI.

Octavo Size, 4s. Cloth, gilt edges, 6s.

Folio Edition. Cloth, gilt, 15s.

LONDON:

NOVELLO EWER, & CO.

IN THE PRESS,

## Paradise AND THE PERI CANTATA,

BY

JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES,

AND TO BE PERFORMED FOR THE FIRST TIME AT THE

BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL

LONDON:

HUTCHINGS & ROMER,

9, Conduit Street, Regent Street, W.